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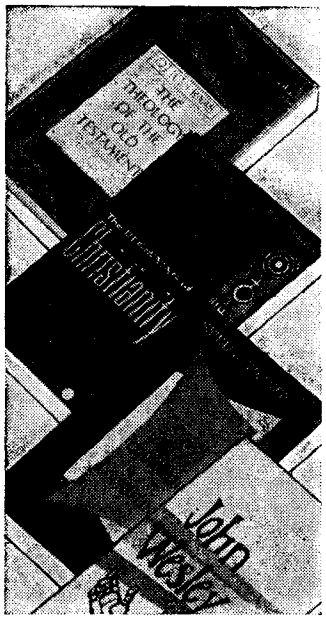

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Notes on a Trip to Russia

H. STUART HUGHES

AT VIBORG STATION we all piled out of the railroad car to stretch our legs and take the air. It was midafternoon now, and we had been riding since ten in the morning on the train from Helsinki to Leningrad that crawls through the interminable pine forests of southern Finland. We had just crossed the new border. Viborg, which had been Finnish Viipuri before the war, had returned to its Swedish name—Russified—but not to a Swedish tidiness. The first thing that struck me about Russia was the smell.

Indeed, the new Viborg station gave us the Russian atmosphere in capsule form. The pretentious, overdecorated architecture—but not so bad as I had been led to believe; the anonymous, hurrying crowds of people neither sad nor cheerful, serious, bent on the business at hand, clothed without style but without squalor either; the inevitable ideological painting, this time evidently a scene from the Civil War, with a young Stalin in heroic pose (the only depiction of Stalin, incidentally, aside from his name on the tomb in the Red Square, that we were to see in our whole ten-day visit); finally, the smell. It hit me hard with a sensation of *déjà vu*. I had sniffed this somewhere before—of course, it was in the ruins of Germany in 1945. Then I had associated it with death and destruction and corpses rotting under shattered buildings. This time I tried to analyze it: my wife and I finally put it down as a combination of unwashed bodies, heavy clothes that never went to the cleaners, and the cheap perfume used as an antidote. As I entered

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Last summer, following the International Congress of the Historical Sciences in Stockholm, Mr. Hughes was a member of a group of American historians on the trip to the Soviet Union that he writes about in this article.

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my hotel corridor in Leningrad that night the same scent assailed me. I thought: how can I spend even ten days in a country that smells like this? But then in the next week either the odor itself diminished or I came to notice it less.

I have dwelt on what may seem an offensive and tasteless topic only because it epitomizes an impression of Russia. I was prepared for everything—I had read, studied, meditated about the Soviet Union for more than two decades. I even had learned enough of the language (learned it twice and forgotten it twice, as I like to say) to know its structure, to read simple signs, and to communicate in basic fashion. But in a crisis my vocabulary always seemed to fail me. More of that later. I came, then, dutifully prepared: no tangible fact surprised me. What I did not know was the essential—*Russia* itself—Russia, much worse and much better, much more intense and more emotionally shaking, Russia, the very vitality of whose being struck one in the face and suddenly threw all previous ideas ever so slightly, yet decisively, out of focus.

We arrived in Leningrad at night. And after three days there we set out once more, this time by bus for Moscow. Most travelers make the journey either by plane or night train. I think this is a mistake. The bus trip is boring, true. The countryside is bleak, monotonous, unattractive. But the very boredom is an experience. It takes hours and hours of bouncing along on bad springs to make the Russian landscape sink into one's soul.

Each village looked the same. A row of square, compact, neatly trimmed log houses. The only paved road was the highway. Every so often a new house was going up. After a year or two, when it had weathered, it would look just like the old. The style of building seemed unchanging—only the quantity of ornament varied a little. We were traveling through country that the Germans had occupied and devastated in Russia's years of torment from 1941 to 1944. But it was impossible to tell which villages had been rebuilt, and which—doubtless a small minority—had survived the storm.

In western Russia the memory of the Nazi invasion is very fresh. To our young people, the Second World War seems almost ancient history. To Russians of the same age, the yawning voids

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left in families, the tales of horror and starvation, are still living realities. In Leningrad they tell with quiet pride of their thirty-month siege, the greatest in all military history. As we went in and out of the city, by different roads to different country palaces, our guide showed us where the lines had run and where the Germans had been stopped. And in Novgorod—where we spent the night between Leningrad and Moscow—a young, red-headed girl flushed as I asked her how much damage the invaders had done. Her tone was peremptory: "When our troops arrived, forty buildings and fifty people were left."

Today—sixteen years later—it takes an effort of imagination to conjure up what the desolation of Novgorod must have been like. Today the city seems to have about 20,000 people. The new quarters are neat, cheerful and well laid-out. Our year-old hotel was more than adequate. Upkeep and sanitation were poor, of course; but that is another matter. Evidently Russians don't consider these things very important. A maxim for the traveler, then: the Soviet Union sets its priorities differently from the way we do, more rigidly and perhaps more rationally. When it is *really* important that things work, they do work. The realm of sloppiness is vast. But it does not touch the essentials.

The Kremlin of Novgorod and the old churches are lovingly and touchingly preserved. The river bends with unstudied grace between the Kremlin walls on one bank and a bevy of churches dotted on the other. There is a kind of nineteenth-century showboat tied up alongside. The fields are very green in the wet of early September, the river's banks are flat and undefined, the landscape stretches out plain and unassuming, and a monastery sits just where it should a couple of miles out of town. A peaceful, satisfying scene. Gazing at it, I understood what I had dimly sensed as we drove hour after hour through the scraggly fields and the vast sameness of the villages—why the Russians love their monotonous landscape and why in exile they are eternally inconsolable.

"Miru Mir"—peace to the world—the first sign I deciphered at the Viborg station and the only pun in Russian simple enough for me to understand was also the only slogan that seemed of any

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real importance during our whole stay. Here was a true surprise: we had expected to be assailed by propaganda, by offensive slogans and by Orwellian loud-speakers. The posters we found few and not particularly troubling; we never heard any propaganda by loud-speaker, either in Leningrad or in Moscow.

Would "peace to the world" be the slogan that would strike first and hardest a Soviet visitor to the United States? The answer is obvious. One may object that this is mere manipulation; the rulers of Russia do not mean it. Perhaps, perhaps. We were traveling only as tourists, we saw no one even remotely in authority, we knew only what our eyes could see and our ears could take in. But at least what rulers *tell* their people makes some difference; the rhetoric of public explanation conditions the response. One does not talk to one's people in that fashion—one does not insist through every medium available that the horrors of war must never recur again—if one expects to lead the same people to the attack tomorrow.

We found no evidence of anti-American feeling. It was in the papers, of course. These I did not try to read—I kept my eye on living things and on the monuments of the past. In moments of rest from a heroically strenuous schedule, I pored over my Russian grammar or read Gogol in translation. Why don't more people realize that *Dead Souls* is funny? Perhaps because the title sounds so grim. But that is Russia again—grim until someone laughs, and then the sun floods in and all men are brothers.

Whatever the press said—however it might warn against associating with American "spies"—no one seemed to hate us; the usual approach was a shy, hesitant, but friendly curiosity. More in the small towns than in the cities. Again a word for the traveler: the two days we passed in the medieval church towns of Novgorod, Vladimir and Suzdal were worth the week spent in Leningrad and Moscow doing our tourist's duty by the Hermitage and the Red Square, the ballet and the GUM department store.

We arrived in Russia in the full flood of post-U-2 official ill-feeling. And probably for that reason our colleagues among the Soviet scholars paid no attention to us. Yet with the conclusion of the Powers trial scarcely two weeks gone by, we had no sense of

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being "the enemy." And even when we heard talk of the abominations the Nazis had wrought, it was scarcely with a tone of *personal* hatred. These were scourges—impersonal visitations from on high that had afflicted the sorely-tried body of Holy Russia—like having a "terrible" ruler, an Ivan, a Boris, or a Stalin. Once again the long-suffering Russians had had to bow their backs and endure. It was bad that Soviet-American relations had grown worse—not bad because the Americans *as people* were evil, but simply bad *for peace*. Once again the overwhelming longing for peace—"miru mir."

In Vladimir, Alexei Ivanovich, as we later learned to call him, met us on the station platform. A fine rain was falling. It was one in the morning, and we had taken the night train from Moscow only under protest. Argue as we might, we could not persuade our guide to let us go by bus and by day. Why? One guess was that the authorities did not want us to observe the poverty of the countryside. But this could scarcely be more depressing than what we had already seen between Leningrad and Moscow. Another guess was that there were important defense installations northeast of the capital. We never knew.

"I am Intourist." Alexei Ivanovich bowed with a suggestion of old regime courtesy and showed us to our hotel. Next day we learned to appreciate the solid qualities of this sturdy, self-confident Soviet citizen who gave us one of our all too rare opportunities to talk to our hosts without reserve. He had been entrusted with the task—evidently only a few months before—of opening up to tourist travel the historic church cities of Vladimir and Suzdal, which had successively served as capitals of the Muscovite principality when Moscow itself was still a village. He was proud of the assignment and indefatigable in revealing to us the riches under his care. Vladimir we saw in the morning by sunlight, Suzdal after lunch in the pouring rain. This latter was a great pity: as I summon up my memories of what was without doubt the most extraordinary place we visited in Russia, I can see only as through a thin film of water the glittering and apparently endless succession of square, onion-crowned churches and sprawling monasteries.

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It was at lunch on that day of heroic *tourisme* that we learned to appreciate Alexei Ivanovich. He had carefully selected his best menu, and we had provided the drinks. Over the sturgeon and the freshly-picked mushrooms washed down with vodka, our host's good humor expanded. Suddenly—half-way down the long table—I realized that Alexei Ivanovich at its head had launched into his war experiences. First there was the defense of Moscow in the autumn of 1941. Our new friend had been a communications officer, and he had known at first hand the panic that had gripped the capital. Then Stalin himself had taken hold. Obviously deeply shaken by his memories, Alexei Ivanovich told us: "People today say that Stalin was no good. *I* say that if it had not been for him, we never would have held Moscow." And so to the defense of Stalingrad itself, where our host had been the following year, and where —as he told us with an even-handed regard for the truth—*both* Germans and Russians had been reduced to eating human flesh as they fought and died like trapped animals.

The unmentionable name had been uttered at last, and the full horror of the war recalled once more. We had been allies, I thought, the war had been a just cause, and why did so few remember it? I struggled to express my thought, but no words came. That night it was too late. We were tired, we were wet, we were thinking of our uncomfortable journey back to Moscow. Over our cocktail-hour vodka, twelve of us packed into one small hotel room had held *the* argument, the inevitable reckoning that had hung fire for more than a week, over what we thought of Soviet society now that we had seen it. So at table we were pensive. The one occasion for camaraderie had been allowed to slip by. The meal was silent, almost glum. Alexei Ivanovich seemed disappointed, but he said good-by to us with his habitual courtesy.

A glimmer of some such fellow feeling had shone on us a few days before on the last lap of our bus trip from Leningrad to Moscow. At Kalinin, where we had stopped for dinner before pushing on to a midnight arrival in the capital, there had reigned an atmosphere of impromptu festivity. The flags of the United Nations appeared from somewhere, the meal came on with unaccustomed promptness, I raised my vodka glass and ventured a shy "miru

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mir." Earlier that afternoon the bus had broken down once more. Two or three breakdowns there were in all—occasions for explosive hilarity over our visits to the sanitary facilities of state farm or rural inn. The first time, an oil drip had caught fire—quite literally—and our driver and his colleague whom we called the co-pilot had tinkered for the better part of an hour until we were ready to start off again.

A second breakdown I remember as shorter and never properly explained. It was just on the edge of a village indistinguishable from all the others. I was flattered when my traveling companion most fluent in Russian suggested we take off together and talk to the peasants. A rare opportunity, but what would come of it? I am congenitally skeptical of such efforts to get acquainted, and I hung back as my friend advanced to a group of three peasants sitting on a bench in the late afternoon sun. His charm and directness conquered them in a moment. Within another minute or two we were in their house, talking over the war, the collective farm, wages, prices, in short, how life was. I followed as best I could: some words came through, and now and then my companion was good enough to translate. There was, it seemed, a difference of opinion. An old lady was complaining that things were better in the past—but what past she was talking of, whether old regime or simply before the destruction of the village in the late war, was not entirely clear. In any case, the alert, self-assured middle-aged man who dominated the conversation effectively silenced her; he was her son perhaps, a war veteran, and he spoke with a quiet confidence that suggested satisfaction with his life and work.

Meantime I tried to impress my surroundings on my wandering mind. The house was compact, neat and overcrowded. The air seemed at first stifling, but I soon grew used to it. The close atmosphere did not come from uncleanliness, but simply from a reluctance to open windows. In Russia one learns that heat is precious: the dwellings are built to be cosy in winter and seem rather inappropriate in the summertime—just as in Italy the high ceilings and stone floors keep one cool in the hot weather but are bleakness itself in the cold months. The two main rooms of the house we were visiting seemed indistinguishably bedroom and parlor. The whole

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thing had a substantial, reassuring nineteenth-century look. I reflected that one would feel safe and warm there with the snow outside. It was only early September, and the chill of the interminable winter was already stealing up on us.

Impatient signals from the bus interrupted my meditations. We excused ourselves from the offered food and drink and hastened out of the peasants' house. Our departure was a flurry of mutual thanks and warm greetings. The unexplained mechanical difficulty had been repaired, and the bus rolled off again on the long road to Moscow.

Nearly all the more obvious charms of Leningrad and Moscow were lost on me. In Peter's capital I admired the view across the Neva to the Petropavlovsk fortress with its long and elegant spire, and I decided wistfully that the city should be seen in winter, when the brilliant blues and greens of the palaces would gleam with maximum effect against the white of the snow. I thought of Dostoevsky characters stumbling home in the night to their squalid dwellings and of De Maistre in exile, spending his Petersburg evenings building out of his tortured mind the philosophy of the reaction, and against these children of darkness I put the child of light, Pushkin, recalling fragments of the first lines of *Eugene Onegin*, as a friend had once unexpectedly quoted them to me, about what it meant to be born and to wander as a youth along the banks of the Neva. Perhaps the most touching thing that happened to us in Russia was to catch the enthusiasm of the young woman who showed us around Pushkin's cheerful, sunlit school in the palace town of Tsarskoe Selo, now renamed after the poet himself. Here, as a mariner might make a vow at sea, I formed the resolution, still unfulfilled, to sit down and read *Onegin*, like a schoolboy to piece out, word by word, the meaning of the great poem that remained closed to me.

Some day, I vowed, I would understand why Pushkin had a special meaning for Russians that they could express only with a joy that verged on tears. Perhaps it was because in the bleak last century of Czarist absolutism, his sunny serenity alone spoke of a hope that was neither mystical nor revolutionary.

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The eighteenth-century quarters of Leningrad are beautiful, of course. But to me they seemed shabby and sad, and somehow irrelevant. I was far more interested in the miles of new housing going up in the suburbs, or in the Kirov sports stadium—spectacularly situated on the Gulf of Finland—both the most attractive and the most practical from the standpoint of the spectators that I have ever seen. All Russia is building—that we knew. But what we did not know was the loving care with which the rulers of the Soviet Union were restoring the monuments of the Great Russian past. In the outskirts of Leningrad alone we saw two vast palaces—Czarist Russia's two Versailles—at Peterhof and at Pushkin, both gutted by the Germans during the war and both now being restored with a taste and with a meticulous attention to detail that shames nearly all comparable work in the West. Contemporary Russia is proud of its *whole* past. Most of the time this pride seems to need no Marxist rationalization. Only once was it offered—at the Ostankino Palace in Moscow, built by serfs and designed by a self-taught serf architect. The prince who had it constructed, we were told, owned a quarter of a million "souls," and the work of their hands stood as a monument to the vitality of "Russian applied arts" in the age of absolutism.

Churches, churches, churches. In retrospect now it seems strange that these should have dominated our historians' visit to the Soviet Union. I for one had never had any particular interest in Russian church architecture. I had associated it with the rather obvious fantasies of St. Basil's in the Red Square—which I soon learned were far from typical. The first thing that charmed me in the country was the Smolny Cathedral in Leningrad, and from that point on I fell under the enchantment of one church after another. My memories blur; I pore over picture books trying to disentangle my recollections of domes and frescoes and walls rising sheer and uncompromising—but somehow charmingly—from plain or Kremlin. Moscow's Kremlin I had always linked in my mind with the grim rule of Stalin and of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Czars. But now most of it is open to the general public, and the gardens and cathedrals have a peaceful, almost holiday air. Perhaps the

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change is symptomatic. Perhaps there will come a day when the dominant tone of Russia itself will cease to be forbidding.

In the Archangel and Assumption Cathedrals our young guide —she was gentle and graceful and sensitive too—stumbled over religious terminology. The long words ending in "enie" were too much for her, and instead of "transfiguration" or "resurrection," she had to give us clumsy circumlocutions in basic English. Two generations of atheism have evidently succeeded—not perhaps in the sense of direct propaganda (even our far less discriminating Leningrad guide had seemed to feel embarrassment at the crude and tasteless antireligious exhibits in the Kazan Cathedral), but in the sense of a total unfamiliarity with things religious.

Yet we entered three churches still in active use—one at the Novodevichii Monastery in Moscow, where our appealing young guide seemed unaccountably eager to show us the grave of Stalin's wife (a suicide, or murdered, who knows?); one in Vladimir; and one in Novgorod, where in a moment of pause from sight-seeing some of us had noticed the open doors of a church which was not on our itinerary, and had decided to go in. A funeral service was in progress. We held back with what seemed the minimum of politeness until two old peasant women beckoned us forward. Before we tiptoed out we had time to notice that the singing was excellent and not all the congregation, perhaps thirty in all, was old. Indeed, the priest himself was a young man. To the left by the door, according to Russian custom, lay the body of the deceased in full view, emaciated and in need of a shave.

Lest this recollection suggest more religious freedom than is actually the case, let me add that in Suzdal—a city of churches—the only one in which services were held seemed among the least attractive. We were told that it was the one the remaining faithful had preferred. A likely tale, we thought, and kept silence. The rulers of Russia apparently find no contradiction in severely limiting the religious use of church buildings while at the same time restoring monasteries and cathedrals, as museums and historical monuments, on a truly staggering scale.

In Leningrad we had been lodged in a pre-1914 hotel, in whose roof-garden restaurant we nightly watched the *jeunesse dorée* of

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the city disporting themselves, to the music of a very creditable jazz band and a singer with the jarring habit of standing too close to the microphone. On our first night, a gang of hoodlums had tried to invade the place, and we had witnessed the "uncultured" spectacle of their forcible expulsion by the old-regime, bearded doorman who seems to be a required feature of such establishments. In Moscow our hotel was far less picturesque. The Russian equivalent of some Statler or Hilton, it was new, vast and totally without attractions other than cleanliness. In addition, it had been built with insufficient elevators. The "battle of the elevators" to and from our fifteenth-floor rooms became a daily or thrice-daily feature of our lives. With good luck, a round trip might take a mere fifteen minutes. The only consolation for the waiting and crowding we suffered was the babble of tongues inside the lift itself. Nowhere in all my wanderings have I found myself with a more international clientele. One day over the *basso sostenuto* of Asian and East European voices, I heard the clear, hard tones of a resolute English schoolteacher reporting on a traveling companion who had disappeared into the subway and had apparently not yet come up for air.

I think I am unique among Moscow's visitors in never having seen the subway. There just seemed to be no relevant occasion for it. I did, however, ride once by bus and was impressed with the honor system by which one paid one's fare into an open box with nobody standing by to check. Otherwise I was not tempted to wander in Moscow's streets: the weather was uninviting, and we were too far from the center of town. Our hotel was one of the seven new skyscrapers that now offer the salient features of the city's outline. They all look roughly the same—their prototype the wedding-cake Palace of the Soviets that was never built, and their chief the University, freestanding on Moscow's highest hill and seeming to epitomize by its very bulk and prominence contemporary Russia's emphasis on the education of the young.

Southwest of the University stretch ten kilometers of new housing. The style and construction of these new apartments leave much to be desired, it is true, but they seem to be improving, and in the West I know of nothing that remotely matches them in scale of urban effort. We also liked the frankness of our gracious guide: when the whole program was completed, she told us, it was hoped

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that every family in Moscow would have an apartment of its own, but people would still be crowded and still dissatisfied.

Besides the new housing, my other overwhelming impression of Moscow came at the small Arts Theater. I had taken seats for *The Cherry Orchard* rather doubtfully, convinced that I would understand little of the play. Nor at the start did I. But then as I began to recall the plot, as our Russian-speaking friends filled us in between the acts, as my own fragmentary Russian rose from my preconscious to the rescue, I began to understand more and more, until at the end I could almost imagine that I was following each line. Obviously this was not so: my wife, who knows no Russian at all, was also on the edge of her seat. We were enthralled by the actors, by their talent as *mimes.* And by the vitality and force of Chekhov also. In the West his plays seem flat and "talky." In Moscow *The Cherry Orchard* was full of bounce and humor. Again, why hadn't anyone told me how *funny* it was?

And so to my last impression of Moscow and of Russia. We were at the airport in a downpour of rain, preparing to take the Soviet jet to Paris. This made us rather nervous (the Soviet bus, after all, had caught on fire). The room for baggage and customs was too small, and there was great confusion around the counter. I was helping a Chinese with his customs declaration—oh, guilt by association! Suddenly I heard an official question the status of my wife's niece, who alone of our party was traveling on a French rather than an American passport. I turned to explain. My vocabulary, always in default, failed me once again. The word for "niece" refused to rise. So I tried it in basic: "the daughter of the sister of my wife." The genitives fell from my lips rather nicely and I was proud of them, but "wife" proved slippery and came out as "husband." Exactly what the situation called for. My mistake fractured the officials, who collapsed as one man in a fit of wild laughter. No more was heard of the customs inspection. We literally ran through the rain to the waiting jet in a state of amicable disorder.

Safe aboard and airbound I fell into a state of semi-shock. Ten days had been both too little and too much for me, and I felt exhausted in body and in spirit. I did not begin to revive until we

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were over Copenhagen, and I knew that if we were forced down it would be in the West. It is curious how in Russia one's perspective changes and foreshortens. We seldom spoke of our country: we contrasted what we saw with "the West," viewed as a block from Berlin to San Francisco. Personally I could never think farther toward home than Paris, where our children were waiting for us.

Yet I did not hate Russia. What I do hate is the Cold War and the relentless lines it draws. How can I describe my sentiments toward Russia? Admiration and fear, boredom and sympathy and discomfort, the laugh that makes us friends? I shall not attempt it. The reality had proved too enormous and ambiguous to be caught with an easy formula. All I knew was that those of us who had come to Russia with the most strongly contrasting ideological preconceptions agreed on *what we had seen with our own eyes.* And my fellow travelers who knew the country far better than I, and who had been there before as I had not, told me that each time they returned life had become more bearable, the atmosphere easier to breathe, consumer goods finally appearing on the market and the relations between man and man more honest and humane.

Finally I felt recovered enough to pick up my Gogol. And as the great jet roared over the Netherlands, my reading took me quite by chance to the famous lines: "And, Russia, art thou not too flying onwards like a spirited troika that nothing can overtake? . . . What is the meaning of this terrifying onrush? What mysterious force is hidden in this troika, never seen before? . . . Russia, whither flyest thou? Answer! She gives no answer. . . . The air, torn to shreds, whirs and rushes like the wind, everything there is on earth is flying by, and the other states and nations, with looks askance, make way for her and draw aside."

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Tocqueville as Ethnographer

DAVID RIESMAN

AMERICA IN THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY was visited by a large number of articulate and often distinguished travelers from all the countries of Western Europe. British Tories came to confirm their prejudices against democracy and a few radicals came to confirm their sympathies. Many, like Dickens, were interested in the novel achievements of American philanthropy: the care of the poor, the unlettered, the mill hand, the prisoner. (It would be a rare inquirer who came to America today to look at our prisons!) But while we read Dickens or Mrs. Trollope now because of their eye for local color and the picture of American manners they present, we do not read them to understand our contemporary America. Those who criticized our bad manners or described our quaint customs amuse us more than they interest or annoy us. It is to Alexis de Tocqueville that we continue to turn for understanding, because the issues that preoccupied him were those he saw as portentous for France and for all of Europe, namely, the consequences for liberty of the growing equality of condition. Although he gathered and had sent to him a great stack of documents on juridical matters, and although his notebooks describe places and scenes to some extent, Tocqueville lived during his journeys in his moral imagination. No other visitor has to my knowledge been so little distracted by the accidental and so sensitive to implication. This was especially the case with his reflective second volume of *Democracy in America*, which he pub-

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This essay is based on a talk given at the University of Chicago in January, 1958, on behalf of the Center for the Study of Leisure. The author is indebted to J. P. Mayer, George W. Pierson, and Melvin Richter for their studies of Tocqueville and for specific criticisms.

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lished five years after the first. As he wrote, "On leaving the ideas which American and French society presented me, *I wish to set out the general tendencies of democratic societies of which no complete example yet exists.*"[1]

Tocqueville had come to this country in 1831 at the age of twenty-six, along with his friend Beaumont, with whom he had secured a commission to look at American prisons and methods of penal reform. Although the young men did their duty by the prisons and wrote a report, this assignment proved a useful cover for their more important cultural mission—a mission complicated by the defensiveness of the Americans. As Tocqueville noted, ". . . to be on good terms with them, you have to praise them a great deal. I do it with all my heart, without its affecting my manner of seeing. The national pride induces them to do everything they can to fascinate our eyes and to show us only the fine side of things; but I hope we will manage to find out the truth."[2]

Tocqueville, an aristocrat and a Catholic, had not come to America in the hope of finding a brave new world. Rather, facing the legacies of the French Revolution which had been for him part of both his family biography and the nation's fate, he came in order to understand better what might be in store for his own country and what might be done by wise policy to make the coming age of democracy and equality less despotic and more free. He put this serious mission into the introduction of *Democracy in America*:

> I confess that in America I saw more than America; I saw there the image of democracy itself, with its inclinations, its character, its prejudices, and its passions, in order to learn what we have to fear or to hope from its progress.

Democracy in America is singularly free of detailed descriptions of people and places. (Beaumont, in contrast, kept a sketchbook and Pierson's book reprints many of his drawings.) As I have indicated, Tocqueville's book is a work not of observation but of

[1] Quoted by J. P. Mayer, "Tocqueville's Influence," *History*, No. 3 (1960), Meridian, pages 87-103, on page 90.

[2] George Wilson Pierson, *Tocqueville and Beaumont in America*, Oxford University Press, 1938, pages 73-74.

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interpretation, particularly so in the second volume where he discusses potential supports and hazards for liberty, arising less in the juridical and institutional spheres than in the psychological and cultural ones. In envisaging what an "ideal" (that is, complete) democracy would be like were it to go further in the American direction—further, that is, away from where Europe presently was, he imagined himself into the mind of a citizen of such a nonexistent land and pictured for himself how all aspects of life, from the image of the Deity to articles of commerce and fictions of the mind, would look to such a hypothetical person. He deployed his actual experiences in America to illustrate rather than to bound or limit his conception. He did not ask himself whether the sailor who told him that vessels were jerry-built because they would soon be made obsolete by the progress of invention was a typical American or not, for what he said fitted in with Tocqueville's vision. This inchoate "method," if we may use so formal a term, was fundamentally aristocratic in the sense that not everyone would be equally good at it. As a result, Tocqueville founded no school and the centenary of his death in 1959 was little celebrated.

The America to which Tocqueville and Beaumont came (they made a side journey, useful for comparative purposes, to Quebec) consisted of thirteen million people. And young, smart French visitors were sufficiently rare to give them access to anyone whom they wanted to see. Furthermore, the absence of a French colony in the United States protected them from filtering their own impressions through an already congealed ideology. However, as Pierson's book makes plain in providing us with the detailed trajectory of the nine months the young men spent in this country, it is surprising how much Tocqueville transcended the prejudices of his informants, among whom were Hudson River patricians, embittered Federalist politicians, Catholic priests fearing the spread of Unitarianism, and men like Charles Carroll who regretted the passing of aristocratic forms. As scholars have pointed out, Tocqueville did go astray in some particulars (for instance, concerning the laws of inheritance), and Tocqueville left America

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with apparently little sense of the importance of President Jackson and what Marvin Meyers has called "the Jacksonian persuasion."[3] Yet Tocqueville liked America more than many of his conservative informants did and more perhaps than he had himself expected to: he liked the lack of servility, the freestanding quality of people who in his own country would be peasants, the self-reliant spirit and energy that he saw on all sides. For in the course of his travels he met innkeepers, traders, boatmen and such.

There is, inevitably, a bias in such encounters, unless one supplements them with a sample survey or knows already where to look for those whom one will not ordinarily meet. The Americans who were visible to Tocqueville and Beaumont were naturally the more active ones: the gregarious, the enterprising, the articulate, rather than the isolated and submerged. If they were farmers, they were more likely to be those up-and-coming ones who regarded their land as a property held for speculation than those withdrawn and secluded ones who regarded it as an inheritance to be conserved with a peasantlike tenacity. One finds in Tocqueville's pages neither the indolent, self-indulgent and shiftless frontiersmen whom Horace Greeley found in Kansas just before the Civil War, nor such groups as the pietistic Pennsylvania Dutch who even in today's America manage to seal themselves off in rural enclaves from currents of change. At the same time, the people Tocqueville did meet were precisely those who had more than a proportionate share in deciding what America was to be like. In that sense, the visitor's problem in discovering the typical was made easier by the dialectic his presence evoked.

There is evidence, however, that the image of America as a land of eager, enterprising, activist joiners and strivers has been overdone since the beginning. In frontier days, there were many who were isolated and unchurched, reached at most by an occasional revival. Today various researches show that the economic un-

[3] See Marvin Meyers, *The Jacksonian Persuasion*, Stanford University Press, 1957, especially Chapter II. In Tocqueville's pages, one gets very little sense of the extent and inanity of snobbery, such as emerges from Francis J. Grund, *Aristocracy in America: From the Sketchbook of a German Nobleman*, Harper Torchbook edition, 1959.

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derdog and especially the older person is often entirely isolated: he may possibly be an inactive member of a trade union and an occasional churchgoer, but he is likely to have no other ties than this, beyond the pseudo-*Gemeinschaft* that television and the other mass media provide. (Church membership in terms of formal affiliation is much higher than in Tocqueville's day.) Granted these submerged exceptions, Tocqueville was nevertheless right to emphasize the difference between the mobile and fluid organizational life of the average American and the usual French encapsulation in the ties of family and parish. Tocqueville, like other visitors, stressed what we might call the associational literacy of the Americans, who on their own in a new country had learned how to form a committee, how to advertise it in the newspapers and how to go on then to the next job that needed doing.

One large group of silent Americans Tocqueville left largely to the researches of his fellow ethnographer, Beaumont; I refer to the slaves. Tocqueville was characteristically perceptive in seeing that the South was different and that the issue of slavery might lead to an explosion, and he was aware (as his later correspondence with Gobineau showed) of the dangers of racism; in *Democracy in America* he rejects racial and geographic explanations of national character. Beaumont's work, however, made it possible for Tocqueville to concentrate on the North and in this respect, too, on the American future. However, he was here before the coming of the railways and before industrialism had made any appreciable dent on the American landscape. Thus, he confronted a largely commercial-agrarian but preindustrial culture and was not distracted from his main task either by the slavery issue, or by the colorful arguments over mechanization and industry: the factory system did not divert Tocqueville from the social system. Here, too, he foresaw more than he could actually see: he described some of the psychological reasons why mass production would appeal to the American market; and he expressed his fear that the Americans might succumb to a despotism of manufacturers facing laborers too handicapped by their dulling and constricting work to be free and mobile. Considering the small scale of industrial development in 1831, this glimpse of what America might look like in the age of

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the tycoon is even more startling than Tocqueville's famous prediction that America would have a population of one hundred and fifty million to face an equally powerful Russia for the destiny of the world. Even though Tocqueville continuously encountered American boasting (and its underlying defensiveness and vulnerability to criticism), it is doubtful whether these images of the future were simple transpositions of what his informants thought.

Tocqueville was protected against certain orders of mistake by being an aristocrat with a country seat. We can get a sense of this by comparing *Democracy in America* with Dickens' *American Notes*. Dickens, coming eleven years later, with a keen consciousness of the industrial blight and urban slums of Britain, was an eager visitor to the Lowell Mills, precursors of modern welfare state capitalism. He seems not to have escaped a visit to a single charitable institution in Boston, whether for orphans or for the insane or for what we would today call juvenile delinquents—much as sentimental but uncritical visitors to the Soviet Union in the 1930's were taken on tours of similar institutions. But on the other hand Dickens was terribly upset by American crudity. He could not stand seeing ill-kempt men spitting on the carpets of the White House and lounging about without respect for the authorities; spitting got in the way of his vision, as it did for Mrs. Trollope—just as other coarse parvenu traits obscured the vision of many travelers and residents in the early years of the Soviet Union. The author of *Great Expectations* could not generalize from his extraordinary psychological understanding of individuals to a whole society of Pips, not all of whom were ennobled by the vision of Estelle. The picture he gives of America is colorful and, in details, accurate, as in his comments on American gregariousness or love of comfort, but it remains superficial. In contrast Tocqueville, less threatened by grossness, observed that Americans lacked both great coarseness and great refinement. And his personal sense of the qualities of an aristocratic milieu was used constantly as an intellectual foil in developing his abstract conception of "democratic nations."

Democracy in America is addressed primarily to Tocqueville's aristocratic and conservative French friends. It is the plea

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of a man who feels that a romantic conservatism which rejects democracy and all the institutions of the modern world is doomed to end either in despotism or inanity, and that liberty—the principal value in life for which a man should care—would be best preserved by working with, rather than against, the grain of modernity, the long, slow, centuries-old march toward social equality. Tocqueville pleads that democracy, although it will never be elegant and although it may not give adequate place to excellence whether in workmanship or in art, could nevertheless be tamed and tempered. The remedy for the evils of democracy is not a hopeless quest for reaction. (John Lukacs argues in his introduction to Tocqueville's *The European Revolution and Correspondence with Gobineau* that Tocqueville today would be out of sympathy with the conservatives' fear of socialism.) Democracy could be kept from becoming despotic and the tyranny of the majority moderated by providing, on the one hand, political bulkheads such as the Founding Fathers had fashioned and, on the other, a cultural style invigorated by the individual experience of citizenship and chastened by the restraints of religion (which Tocqueville saw not in terms of individual salvation, but in terms of social cement). On so sober a platform, a Tory radical might unite with Matthew Arnold or with Tocqueville's friend, John Stuart Mill. It is a platform that attracts many Americans who want to surrender neither political democracy nor social equality, but who are afraid of revolutionary zeal, are not particularly aroused by injustice, and largely share the consensus Louis Hartz describes in *The Liberal Tradition in America.*

Tocqueville was impressed with the American separation of powers, as a therapy both for atomization and for excessive centralization—an attitude later strengthened by his work on *L'Ancien Régime.* He was also persuaded that the separation of Church and State strengthened religion, especially Catholicism, and was therefore a good thing for democracy. Indeed, the competing churches were for Tocqueville one example of what he regarded as the most efficacious and most characteristic American invention for the defense of political liberty, that is, the encouragement that liberty itself provided for forming decentralized associations. He

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saw political liberty as primarily an educational device that would teach men, reduced in individual stature by equality, to remain or become self-reliant and realistic. He regarded the town meeting as a principal school of this sort (not realizing from the accounts of his Whig friends the extent to which it had decayed). And, to his timorous and conservative compatriots, he emphasized the importance of America's bubbling associational life as increasing the distribution of political competence. Speaking of the democrat's "facility in prosecuting great undertakings in common," he declared:

> Political associations may therefore be considered as large free schools, where all members of the community go to learn the general theory of association. . . . Thus it is by the enjoyment of a dangerous freedom that the Americans learn the art of rendering the dangers of freedom less formidable.

Furthermore, Tocqueville insisted that the free press was essential as the organizational tool of associational life. By means of the press people learned that there were others of like mind with whom they could join when they could not know this automatically through membership in the same family or lifelong residence in a village. Accordingly, Tocqueville pictured Americans as busy with an infinite variety of associations, some private, some political, cannily making use of the newspapers as the basis for recruitment and excitement. (Curiously, he seems not to have reported the tremendous outcry against the Masonic order which was underway when he was here; his notebooks reveal his awareness of the kidnapping and murder of an ex-Mason that touched off this outcry, but Tocqueville gained little sense of what Edward Shils called "the torment of secrecy," the fear of being on the outside, the fear of conspiracy, that was in 1831 already a dark undercurrent in American life.) Tocqueville's attention, however, was focused less on the Masons and other lodges (whose role in American life today seems much attenuated, perhaps in part because formality no longer seems interesting or worthwhile) than on the associations Americans formed to organize a church (parishes not being given in the landscape), to found a hospital, to crusade for temperance, to build a college.

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Above all, he was tremendously struck with the perfervid political activity of Americans which he seems to have taken as a regular feature of our national life and not as a periodic response to a leader and framer of issues such as Andrew Jackson. From his pages, one gets a picture of Americans marching forth from their domestic castles and from what he referred to as the dangerous solitude of the individual's own heart to learn the latest news of the courthouse, or to manifest their loyalties at a political rally—and to gain in this way a sense of confidence about what individuals when grouped together could accomplish, and a realistic awareness of the problems of the local and national life. Furthermore, he observed a kind of counterpoint between the easy gregariousness of politics and the exclusiveness of private life. Thus he wrote:

The Americans, who mingle so readily in their political assemblies and courts of justice, are wont on the contrary to carefully separate into small distinct circles, in order to indulge by themselves in the enjoyments of private life.

Tocqueville's view of civic activity as perhaps the chief affair of the civilized and educated man has an Athenian style (compare the eloquent discussion in Hannah Arendt's *The Human Condition*). For Tocqueville, political liberty was itself of value, something that made men manly as well as averted the evils of social equality. But, by the same token, Tocqueville feared American individualism (a term he himself brought into use, but that he regarded not as we do, but as similar to egocentricity or solipsism), a withdrawal into "virtuous materialism" from the great and ennobling affairs of the common life. So, too, he saw in the "small distinct circles" an effort to establish a status denied by the formal institutions of democracy.

Tocqueville was aware from the European despotic example that governments could forbid associations and he warned against this. He pointed out that aristocratic nations, such as France had been, were chambered by caste-like groupings; in such a society groups would be born, not made, just as men were born, not self-made. And since, as I have said, he believed such a form of social organization was doomed, he tried to persuade its residual cadres to welcome freedom of association as a guarantee of liberty.

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Were Tocqueville to visit America now, he might well be alarmed at the ways in which individuals, called before governmental investigators, are asked to report on their ties with others and their informal as well as formal networks of association, so that the personal threatens to become political, and the political, personal. Tocqueville spoke of the bar as the most influential quasi aristocracy in America (he had in mind the practicing bar rather than the Supreme Court, being largely unaware of the significance of John Marshall's decisions). But the role of the bar in recent years in defending freedom of association has not been impressive. Many lawyers have feared to take the cases of men accused of subversive activities or associations, lest they themselves be thought sympathetic to their clients, leaving the work of defense either to a few older aristocrats of the bar like Lloyd Garrison, or to incompetents, or to Communist-dominated small fry. Thus, I have the impression that lawyers today are, if more professionalized than in Tocqueville's day, much less influential because of their reluctance to face popular distrust. The bar associations have done little to protect their individual members who take unpopular cases, and some have even gone so far as to attack the Supreme Court for those of its decisions which have sought to reinvigorate the freedoms both of speech and of association.

In fact, it is hard to see rising above the democratic plain any of the groups which Tocqueville thought might become potential aristocracies. Not, as I have just said, the lawyers, in spite of their numerical preponderence in Congress and state legislatures. And not the manufacturers, that is, the owning class whom Tocqueville thought of as possibly oppressing their workers and becoming an oligarchy. Something like this did happen after the Civil War, in the period of the robber barons and the formation of great combines and trusts, and one could argue that in terms of discrepancies of wealth and power America between 1870 and 1900 differed both from the America Tocqueville saw and from the tamed managerial capitalism of today. In one important respect, however, as Louis Hartz has observed, post-Civil War Americans continued the movement toward equality, for by temporarily crushing the anti-indus-

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trial South they reduced all values to dollar values, and every man in principle became every other man's equal in the sense of having an equal opportunity to gain and to succeed. Certainly, men like Henry Adams felt that American life in the era of Grant had no place for an Adams: lacking were even the remnants of gentility that had survived down to the Civil War—remnants which had failed to impress Tocqueville because those who continued this tradition already felt themselves defeated (much as American businessmen today will tell all and sundry that it is impossible to make a fortune in one's lifetime because of taxes, although this is not the case). Thus, by eliminating the competing echelons of land and family and cultivation, the post-Civil War oligarchy made in the end for a still greater equalitarianism.

Tocqueville had, however, one other candidate for hegemony, namely, certain groups of junior officers in the military establishment, and what he had to say about them makes all too uncomfortable reading today. I cannot think of another American visitor in time of peace and tiny armies who paid attention to this possibility. (Tocqueville was probably alerted to it by the wars unleashed by the French Revolution.) The military, of course, was one of the few groups, and the only influential one, having a code which played down the desire for material possessions. As Tocqueville wrote, the officer's "true country is the Army, since he owes all he has to the rank he has attained in it; he therefore follows the fortunes of the Army, rises or sinks with it, and henceforth directs all his hopes to that quarter only." There have been generals recently, notably General MacArthur, whose true country has been the Army, but it is on the whole surprising how much respect military men have for their civilian superiors in politics, and for their monetary superiors in big business: far from regarding the latter as vulgar men without honor and patriotism, the military in the absence of feudal traditions have lacked a counterethos. Correspondingly, the ambitions of individual officers for glory may be less important than the corporate ambitions of their arm of the service, tied in as each arm is with its defense contractors, its scientists, its friends on Congressional committees or on the Atomic Energy Commission. In the era of the Cold War, Tocqueville's prophecies

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about the military direct our attention in the right direction, but do not illuminate beyond that.

But in other respects and particularly in picturing the over-all psychology of what we have come to call mass society, Tocqueville's extrapolation of an America he saw into one he foresaw was prescient. Equality has gone much further, facilitated in part by public education (something to which Tocqueville adverted in his journals but did not think important enough for his published book). The fear of the rich that the poor would envy or unseat them has become in our day not merely an influence on public relations, but the source of a kind of social osmosis upward as well as downward in which numerous sons of the well-to-do search out the values of the less privileged for fear of missing something important and emancipating in life. In Tocqueville's day, what Americans wanted were the rights and privileges and possessions of other Americans, but today's Americans seem to me less greedy, certainly less greedy for possessions *per se*. And while Tocqueville saw Americans as endlessly energetic, moving eagerly onward and upward in economic activity and political caucus, it is my impression that many Americans today are less compulsively gregarious and somewhat more passive politically: what they want out of life is less easily defined—and less easily attained.

By the same token, Tocqueville's isolated individuals seem to me a good deal more freestanding than many Americans of today. While Tocqueville spoke of every man striving "to keep himself aloof, lest he be carried away by the crowd against his will," today there would seem to be less aloofness, more going with the crowd unconsciously, and at the same time a more desperate search for nonconformity. It follows that the self-confidence of Americans which so struck Tocqueville has also become attenuated, even though in the West and South one can still find old-fashioned representatives of it. The "small distinct circles" of private life into which Americans retire are increasingly those of the suburban P.T.A. or other neighborhood groups that avoid the more intractable issues, either of the great metropolis or of the country as a whole. A great resurgence of the family, with people marrying at ever younger ages, has absorbed much of the leisure that Tocque-

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ville thought would go into political and associational life. Contrary to what many think, the centralization of state power that Tocqueville feared has not come to pass in America: in many respects neither the several states, nor certainly the cities, nor even the federal government is strong enough for the burdens of making an affluent society also a civilized and humane one, even though our military and political leaders, in co-operative provocation with our enemies, may destroy the country and the world and en route oppress many individuals in the name of national loyalty.

Despite these dangers, American democracy remains a going, if threatened, concern, even though it violates many of the rules that Tocqueville's French conservative friends thought essential for civic order. But these rules were not of great importance for Tocqueville, who wanted to preserve from earlier times neither great refinement of taste nor feudal codes of honor (with their undercurrents of barbarity), but rather independence of mind and magnanimity of action. For the sake of a diminished servility and a wider ambiance of citizenship, he was willing to surrender many privileges from an earlier day. Moreover, he thought that the softening of manners that accompanied the growing equality of condition made men more human, for he did not share the attachment of romantic conservatives then and now for the chivalric styles of the older nobility. In an extraordinary passage, he spoke of the way in which casual cruelty had become *démodé* even before the French and American Revolutions, remarking on the way in which Mme. de Sévigné could express a callous pleasure in public executions that a generation later would be inconceivable. He seemed to feel that there was something in the human career, linked to Christianity, which was responsible for a long, slow and inevitable rise of equalitarianism, accompanied by a rise in sensitivity beyond the immediate enclaves of family and class. He did not delude himself that there were not losses in the democratic tide, for he was not entirely free of admiration for chivalry and punctilio, but he was quite willing to sacrifice these traditional virtues if the result would be an elevation of the mass of men and the disappearance of the abasement of the oppressed. What he feared was a new servility in which each man, respecting his neighbor no more than he respected

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himself, would respect only the serried and unranked mass of men. As he declared:

> Moralists are constantly complaining that the ruling vice of the present time is pride. This is true in one sense, for everybody thinks that he is better than his neighbor or refuses to obey his superior; but it is extremely false in another, for the same man who cannot endure subordination or equality has so contemptible an opinion of himself that he thinks he is born only to indulge in vulgar pleasures. He willingly takes up with low desires without daring to embark on lofty enterprises, of which he scarcely dreams. Thus, far from thinking that humility ought to be preached to our contemporaries, I would have endeavors made to give them a more enlarged idea of themselves and their kind.

Given the bombast and the big talk of many of the Americans he saw, Tocqueville drew here on his sense of the difference between the patrician ambition of those who are already in high place and the lesser vision of those who, motivated by envy, want merely to attain goals that are already there—in contemporary terms, the difference between Kennedy's personal pride and ambition for "his" country and Nixon's humble but even more egocentric drive to get to the top.

But such passages, in which Tocqueville extols what we today praise as individualism, must be set against his equally strong concern lest what *he* called individualism divide the nation into gangs of rapacious men pursuing an unenlightened self-interest. In the dialectic between individualism and solidarity, many intellectuals have tended (as has this writer) to stress the former—to the point where any eccentricity or idiosyncrasy, any rejection of the mass of men and their values, becomes praiseworthy, creating what Harold Rosenberg has dubbed "the herd of independent minds." An appropriately differentiated ethic for our own time barely exists and needs to be invented through experience; *Democracy in America* helps us to understand but not to solve our problem.

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Burial

HAZARD ADAMS

I

At eighty still he knew and loved the land,
the horses' names and therefore in the seat,
his cane propped on the floor board of the car,
the hand cupped over its horse head handle
he talked of pacers out of Delaware,
of tracks and drivers active but as old
as he, stroking their horses swearing and chewing,
and his own voice precise in words and prim
but still Ohioan which throws away its jokes
and yet expects them fielded by Joe Sewell.
He spoke, the eye cocked quizzically, he knew
his talk was art.

II

He gestured at the farms we passed,
knew the ones for sale, their price, the yield,
and at the cemetery gate directed us
right to the family plot.

His lifetime spanned my father's whose was ashes now.
Propped on his cane he heard the minister intone,
stared at the little box held on one arm, the
speaker kneeling with it at the grave.

III

And then the sun was swimming through
the far flung mist of an Ohio March:
the trees were bare but glints of fuzz
clothed their skeletons

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and suddenly this sea
of land farm flat with islanded trees flared far
away, fell down and we
were on a hill

and while the islands fell
down, down off to the sky as if
the horses surely had to fall
from the world

I knew that only riders fall
down the farm roads
past old fairgrounds
weedy tracks
falling past these
off the world.

IV

The way into the ground is nothing,
it is the distance to the end of the earth that one fears:
As the minister intones the prayer
his eye stays on the box, the sky for him isn't there
and my mistake is to notice the sky
with its mist full on the land
there from the hill

and finally when we turned away
I was sure he would be stone or could not move
but we were speechless and he still
recalled the crossroads as he knew them when
my father and my uncle were but boys.

HAZARD ADAMS, associate professor of English at Michigan State University and the author of *Blake and Yeats: The Contrary Vision*, is a second-generation contributor to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Poems by his father, Robert Simeon Adams, appeared in the SCHOLAR in 1945 and (posthumously) in 1952.

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Rosetree at Dawn

T. HENRY SMITH

Unformed to show an antique vase,
white roses on a table have
a look of wash or haze.

The rosetree's stricter branches carve
stiff niches where its virgin blooms
adorn this morning's nave.

Only one bee invades their bosoms,
taut pearls of scent and holiness,
and sings the white of blossoms,
sings of boughs, that, only less
exact than stone, the rosetree is
a morning star of wood and rose,
and rose to which the tree aspires,
its saint.

Petals caress
each cloistered recess of pearl-white fires,
growing, until each bud is swarmed
and spread by ruining choirs
of bees, obscured as it is warmed
and sunshine bursts the star by too
much light, or too much love, unformed.

✪ T. HENRY SMITH, who is teaching and working for a doctorate at Rutgers University, writes of himself: "I've been a student for about twenty-two years; before that, it seems to me I sat on a little stoop and looked at the sidewalk. In the meantime, I've learned quite a lot in the summers and by staying up nights."

Mr. Smith's poems have appeared in the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*, *Epoch* and *Audience*.

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Advocate for Eros

Notes on D. H. Lawrence

ROBERT H. WELKER

THERE IS A GOOD CHANCE that the most important event in American publishing in 1959 concerned a book neither new nor American: D. H. Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, brought out May 4 in the unexpurgated version of 1928. It was "most important" not merely for giving the common American reader a truly notable work of fiction, but even more for bringing Lawrence's deeply serious message from the shadows in which it has been forced to hide. Until Grove Press took the risk of publishing the book, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* existed for the general reading public either as a rare bootleg item or as one of the altered (and freely circulated) versions in which the message, the basic sexual thesis, was critically compromised. Once past the expected court fight, the Grove hardcover edition went on to sell 160,000 copies within the year, and the paperback from the same house about one and three-quarter million. Two other publishers brought out similar pocket versions almost immediately following Judge Frederick van Pelt Bryan's favorable decision in July of 1959, and one or two others appeared some months later—a clear indication that the book continues to sell. And so, by licit purchase at the bookstore or drugstore or newsstand, millions of Americans have been given the chance to "see Lawrence plain."

Not all will see him alike. As with any book dealing openly with sexuality, the knowing will read and perhaps will know a little more; the prurient will itch; the prudish will flush and be scandalized; the chaste will be troubled—and perhaps enlightened

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and purged of fear, as surely Lawrence would wish. And—something nearly new, with regard to Lawrence—many a parent will distressfully puzzle over the question of whether youngsters should be allowed to read such a book, and will no doubt wonder at the easy liberal cliché, "All that enlightens is good." "Well, yes, I suppose so; but you don't have my fifteen-year-old to worry about." Then finally there are those curious intellectuals, students of our times and ways, who may wonder what to make of this book, coming forth so suddenly after thirty years in hiding. Where does it fit? What does it say to us, or about us? What may be its effects?

One answer is always at hand, for parents, for intellectuals, for everybody: "No individual personality changes significantly after age five, and no book of any sort makes the least difference in our mechanized, materialistic, status-oriented, anti-intellectual society. Moral disquiet and intellectual concern are simply misplaced; *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is merely one more book, this year's *Peyton Place* with legal frills and more words spelled out; and in our time, all books are epiphenomena, central to nothing important, deciding nothing at all. Therefore relax, watch 'Gunsmoke,' and take short views."

But perhaps the matter does not rest there. Consider for a moment not the book itself, but the mid-century culture into which it has been so unexpectedly thrust. A brief reflection will suggest an odd fact: America has an immense sophistication regarding violence and death, but a paltry sense indeed of love and the wish for life. To take a sadly prevalent example: if one chooses he may see half a hundred realistic deaths, variously visited, in the course of a week on the home screen; in the same time he will see very little that is meaningful as love, and nothing erotic at all. Merely to blame the television writer is pointless; he is no more than a mirror, profiting most as he reflects best. And how much sense does it make to call for what is affectionate, amatory, sensual? Such things are not merely improper; they are strange to us, and disturbing, and must be kept private, away from public view. This is our common tradition. Ours is a culture without its Chaucer, its Rabelais, its Boccaccio, or even its Fielding or Swift; a history without its beloved mistresses, gallants and rakes; a nation where, as Howells

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said in 1891, "an American novelist may not write a story on the lines of Anna Karenina or Emma Bovary," and where in our own time Mickey Spillane is a best seller and Henry Miller is banned.

But are not the movies, for example, more and more bold these days, and the drugstore racks increasingly devoted to sexy magazines and bosomy paperback novels? They are; but how sad most of it is, titillating without being erotic, overheated but lacking in warmth, suggestive but not frank, full of pretense to lustiness and finally empty of it. Far from indicating our release from puritan taboos, such work shows us still acting within them. It is vicarious, voyeuristic—and cynically commercial. It is often so assertively "male" or "female" as to suggest panic or homosexuality. At another level, it provides a further implication about our general moral outlook. A society with no formal pattern of sexual initiation, no genuine puberty rite, nor even a conventionalized set of rules for courtship, provides commercial titillation as a kind of substitute, while exacting full penalties, physical, psychic or legal, from those who fall victim.

Lady Chatterley's Lover is no such substitute. "There is," said Judge Bryan in his opinion, "no question about Lawrence's honesty and sincerity of purpose, artistic integrity and lack of intention to appeal to prurient interest." For some, indeed, the book is so earnest in its advocacy as to be dull—or even implicitly puritanical. But in any case it is unique, as a single question should indicate: Has any other book comparable to *Lady Chatterley's Lover* in the artistic handling of a profoundly sexual theme been commercially published and widely read in America in recent times? Titles suggest themselves: *Memoirs of Hecate County, The Deer Park, Requiem for a Nun,* even the Kinsey reports. All are serious works, and yet none fits. Because, simply, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a love story; more exactly, it is a novel offering heterosexual love as the way to salvation for humankind, and condemning all that prevents and denies and inhibits such love as the means of our damnation. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is, in the best sense, erotic propaganda. In the midst of the trash on the drugstore racks it is something genuinely new, and therefore it has something new to say, particularly to its younger readers. Holden Caulfield confessed

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that "sex is something I really don't understand too hot." In answer Lawrence offers his book not as a case study or a manual of instruction but as a message. He speaks of one man, one woman, one love affair, a particular society; in so doing he speaks also of maleness, femaleness, sexuality, passion, love, so explicitly and forthrightly that the high didactic purpose cannot be doubted.

What is maleness? What is a man? The shorthand Lawrence answer is Oliver Mellors, and, negatively, Sir Clifford Chatterley. Between them are ranged in descending order of masculinity Sir Malcolm Reid, the heroine's "burly Scottish knight" of a father; Michaelis, "Dublin street-rat," fashionable writer and ineffectual lover; and Tommy Dukes, an army general fond of sex theorizing and virtually impotent. It is Dukes who speaks bravely of the phallus as the bridge over the chasm of social disintegration, and who proposes "the democracy of touch, the resurrection of the body" as the hope for future times. For the present, however, he is all talk. Mellors is the effective male of the story, the one to learn from.

Mellors takes some getting used to. "Oliver Mellors" has a faintly ludicrous sound amid the Burt Lancasters, Tab Hunters, Clay Culhanes, Mike Hammers and Steve Canyons of our time. The man himself is a little too small and thin—"rather frail, really"—and his face and mustache are an unromantic red. He is not an aeronautical engineer or a writer or a private eye or a town marshall or even a professor; he is a gamekeeper. As such he carries a gun, but shoots no one, and so is denied the near-hysterical calm of the hero before the killing, and the wonderful lines that come afterward: "Like I said, I didn't want to kill him, but I figure he didn't give me much choice. So who's heading back to town?" He had served in the army, but, perhaps from want of patriotic zeal, had chucked it as "absolutely fool-dead," thus forsaking the armed defense of Western civilization. He has little or no use for the Soviet experiment—and harsh words indeed for capitalism and the social order it has spawned. The man is something of a subversive.

Yes; it is Lawrence's profound belief that only by rejecting and finally subverting present ways can we win through. "I don't be-

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lieve in the world, nor in money, nor in advancement, nor in the future of our civilisation," says Mellors. "If there's got to be a future for humanity, there'll have to be a very big change from what now is." This "very big change" (despite the economic or political terms Mellors may use) is to be fundamentally sexual. He knows well enough that society itself must be altered in order that sex, the central entity and resource, may come into its own; but his social program, except for one odd, Ruskinesque excursion into medievalism, is inchoate. His gods are Priapus and Aphrodite and Eros, not Marx or Mill or Adam Smith.

"Bodily awareness . . . natural physical tenderness . . . this was the thing he had to do, to come into tender touch, without losing his pride or his dignity or his integrity as a man." This is maleness as the gamekeeper understands it and the author advocates it. On the one side there is "integrity as a man," which in Mellors includes a gloominess and severity almost harsh, a roughness of speech, and imperiousness of passion, a touchy sense of independence; on the other, there is "natural physical tenderness," gentleness, consideration, reaching an ultimate in the act of love.

As the male hero, the masculine image, has Mellors any sort of counterpart today? Are his recognizable offspring to be found amid all we hear and see and read? Immediately we must dismiss all the "family" mass media; we are speaking of sex, and they are excused. Michael and Lance and David, lean and glamorous, will forever court lovely Pam and winsome Deborah and beguiling Susan through the pages of the proper magazines; the movies will follow along, or join with television in symbolically substituting gun for phallus, hate and fear for love, maiming and killing for love-making. At the edges will hover the cripples, the deeply disturbed or psychotic, Melville's Pierre, Poe's Montresor, Hawthorne's Aylmer or Ethan Brand, London's Wolf Larsen, in the Freudian trappings of the moment. Of course all this deserves study, but not in the search for a valid masculine image or a possible hero. It appears that serious answers are to be found in two places only, fiction and stage plays, the latter particularly in recent years.

From Stanley Kowalski in *A Streetcar Named Desire* to Chance

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Wayne in *Sweet Bird of Youth,* we have avowed studs and satyrs as male leads. Stanley is a "colored lights" man, who on his wedding night rushed around the apartment smashing the electric bulbs with his bride's shoe—which bride, despite her gentle rearing, has been and remains hopelessly enamored: "There are things that happen between a man and a woman in the dark—that sort of make everything else seem—unimportant." Chance Wayne seems to justify his existence on earth by the fact that he has made these magical things happen in the dark to so many grateful women. Rosario in *The Rose Tattoo* was another great one, "wild like a Gypsy," whose 4,380 love encounters with his wife Serafina (her reckoning) may without too great impertinence be compared with Don Giovanni's conquests in Spain, 1,003. (At this same rate, some four hundred can be added for Estelle Hohengarten, Rosario's mistress.) There are no statistics offered by Big Daddy or his son Brick in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof,* but we have Daddy's word that he was "regular as a piston" and Maggie's word that Brick was "such a wonderful person to go to bed with." All this sounds pretty impressive, and serves to remind us that Tennessee Williams has been avowedly influenced by D. H. Lawrence.

However, before we place these male characters in the same class with Mellors, crucial facts must be noted. Kowalski rapes his half-demented sister-in-law a few hours after taking his wife Stella to the hospital to have her baby. Wayne, in masochistic atonement for an earlier fornication, permits himself to be sexually mutilated. Rosario is revealed as both a secret adulterer and a dope peddler. Big Daddy confesses to forty years of hatred for the wife who was the object of his piston regularity. Brick has become impotent over an accusation of homosexuality. These men are disturbed people; their love stories are sick affairs. By contrast, Mellors is a moral, almost old-fashioned hero, and his love story is a romance.

Two heroes of William Inge make somewhat better candidates. Hal Carter in *Picnic* begins to seem merely another compulsively "male" character when his shirtless swaggering sets various females quivering with desire; but it develops that he wants to escape this image, find a girl who can love him as a person, not merely as a torso, and marry her. The roles are somewhat reversed

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in *Bus Stop*, with the girl Cherie playing the shopworn character in search of gentleness, and the cowboy Bo the role of the innocent one. His efforts to win her by forcible abduction are a failure; he succeeds only when his friend Virgil convinces him that "girls like things t'be *tender*." Put the line into Derbyshire, and it could be Lawrence talking. While neither Hal nor Bo has Mellors' depth of understanding or his harsh male dignity, both search in valid masculine terms for love in which they can believe. Bo is something of a clown, Hal a bit of a simpleton; but among recent male stage characters they stand out as lovers, if only from lack of competition.

In serious American fiction the current male image is by and large the Hemingway one—even at many removes from the master. With a persuasiveness and finality given no other writer in our literature, Ernest Hemingway has provided us with heroes. Jake Barnes has a way of reappearing, usually more subtly maimed. White hunters show up, and later versions of Francis Macomber; the scene is not necessarily safari land. Al and Max, killers, seem never to have left. Many another Lieutenant Henry has appeared since the first and best, and (if you include movie and TV spawn) there have been a hundred subsequent versions of Harry Morgan.

Frederic Henry is, like Mellors, a man who can love a woman; so is Robert Jordan, and so, after a fashion, is Richard Cantwell, Col., Infantry, U.S.A. Once committed, they love with effectual maleness and masculine gentleness, truly and well; in the end they lose everything through death, foreshadowed and romantically inevitable. The lamp must be shattered, the lute broken, and they know it. Their commitment to love, therefore, has the intensity of tragic prescience—and the convenient impermanence lent by death's swift approach.

For the major Hemingway hero, death alone serves to end the affair; for the lesser sort, disenchantment, infidelity, psychic malaise or a mere kiss-off will do. What is inconceivable for them all is a heterosexual relationship that works for any length of time—that stays good and lasts.

Is Harry Morgan the exception? He has been married to his big loyal Marie for some twenty years, and he continues to assure her

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that she's the best of them all in bed, even better than an earlier bedfellow, a "nigger wench" who, he tells her, was like a shark. He owns his house and provides well for Marie and the three daughters; indeed, it is to keep his family's bellies full that he undertakes his final venture, running Cuban revolutionaries from the United States to their home island. He knows that once across they plan to kill him, and they do, with a shot in the belly.

This may seem a sad and incongruous end for a good family man; but it depends. There is the house-spouse-and-daughters Morgan; there is also the rogue-male-hero Morgan, whose adventures begin with a laconic description of four Cubans being shot to death outside a bar in Havana; continue with his experience "running Chinks," involving the murder, related with infectious verve, of one Mr. Sing, with no weapons other than the Morgan fingers and thumbs; take a turn for the worse with a rum-running contretemps, Morgan receiving a bullet in the arm (he loses it), his "nigger" helper a bullet in the leg (we never find out what happens to him; however, as Morgan says, a nigger who is shot is worth nothing anyway); and come to an end with the revolutionaries, all of whom he mows down from ambush with his Thompson gun, but one of whom gut-shoots him before dying. Harry Morgan succumbs in due course, after giving the world his hard-earned philosophy—something about being alone. It will be recalled that Albert, the mate, was shot dead by the Cubans at dockside, so Harry Morgan was indeed alone after that, except for his personal Tommy gun, which wasn't enough.

For the hundred offspring of Harry Morgan since that time, the gun never fails. Heroically, inexorably, it speaks and all is resolved. It brings a magically satisfying end to a score of home-screen dramas every week, a dozen motion pictures every month; and nobody gut-shoots Paladin or Shane, Matt Dillon or Sam Spade, masculine heroes, cherished images of the American male.

One other American hero-figure, minor but persistent, should be mentioned—call him Capitalist Man. From Silas Lapham through Curtis Jadwin to Frank Algernon Cowperwood, the curve of power and success and glamor rises; with Babbitt it wavers downward; with J. Ward Moorehouse and Charley Anderson and

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Sammy Glick it plunges steeply, reaching some kind of nadir with Willy Loman. To be sure, efforts to restore Capitalist Man to heroic proportions have recently been undertaken, for Cold War reasons if for no other. Fictions have appeared celebrating males superb in both board room and bedroom; but somehow a shadow falls across the page, the shadow of Veblen or C. Wright Mills or Alan Harrington or William H. Whyte, Jr., and it won't do.

To revert, then, to the legitimate offspring of our art, the dominant male figures of serious work: the sexually crippled or confused, the compulsive, the cynical, the violent, the romantically doomed—these are our heroes; but the lover, the man profoundly alive to "the natural riches of desire," we know scarcely at all.

Particularly if we go back to earlier times, we may find that Constance Chatterley has more sisters in poetry and fiction than Mellors has brothers. She is a vision of womanliness created by a man, as was Criseyde, Juliet, Sophia Western, Hester Prynne, Anna Karenina, Emma Bovary, Tess Durbeyfield, Isabel Archer, Jennie Gerhardt—and let us add Dorothea Casaubon, Antonia Shimerda and Nonnie Anderson, created by women. (Each to his own list; I'm moved to include certain women of more disheveled aspect, Moll Flanders, Grushenka, Carrie Meeber, Mlle. de Maupin, even Nana.) Almost to a woman, they share those traits that men call womanly, emotional warmth and richness, sexual presence. Nearly every one of them is somehow betrayed by her womanliness into a bad marriage or an unfortunate love affair. These are not tame women; they abound with life, and their histories are not placid. But they are histories of the heart. Amid this company Joan of Arc does not appear. The great females of literature, for all their mystery and complexity, are not movers and shakers; they are heroines of love, figures of womanly beauty and allure.

Connie properly belongs among them. As a love story, Lawrence's novel is more her book than it is her lover's. In it she is developed and revealed more fully than is Mellors; we see her grow up and evolve emotionally, and often we know her thoughts moment by moment. From her high-strung mother, Constance has inherited a sense of feminine emancipation that tends to rule her

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thinking. From her bluff and lusty father, on the other hand, she has received a basic womanly security. Presumably she is his favorite, but (with a bow in the direction of Freud) not to the unfortunate point of emotional fixation. From the start the feminist and the female are at odds within her. When she enters her first love affair with a young German she discovers the "queer vibrating thrill" of the sexual climax, but she rejects it in her mind as animalistic, an imposition on her freedom. In this same spirit she marries the chaste Clifford Chatterley, to whom sex means little. Companionship, particularly of the intellectual sort, is the thing; and when Clifford is "shipped home smashed" from the war, it is all that remains.

It is not enough. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is the story of Connie's discovery that it is not. A great deal of Connie's charm as a woman consists in her half-eager, half-rebellious spirit as she senses what is lacking in her life and sets out to find her emotional way. She changes, and yet she is the same; her womanliness wins out, but only the most vehement feminist, with a death grip on "a woman's ghastly freedom," would say that her individuality is submerged, her will destroyed. Well along in her affair with Mellors, she can still reject him—and when it happens, he knows it: "Ay! It was no good that time. You wasn't there."

Indeed, it is the sense of psychic complexity and tension that gives this story much of its persuasiveness. Each of the lovers at times feels spiritually threatened or even exploited by the other. Lawrence was far too subtle a man to give us a simple, psychologically fraudulent tale of Connie's sudden awakening and glad submission to a Real Man. This is the adolescent dream, and he knew better. Constance Chatterley does indeed awaken; so does Oliver Mellors; the two of them find their haven in a rewarding love—but with many a doubt along the way, and not without tears.

To be intellectually satisfied by Lawrence's lovers is one thing, but to be emotionally convinced is another. If Connie's spontaneous weeping over the pheasant chick, and Mellors' blindly passionate reaction, and their first physical union do not intimately involve the reader, he is in danger of rejecting the rest of the book, or reading it as a curious case history. If he is indifferent to Law-

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rence's powerful descriptions of nature, if he finds incomprehensible the idea of love-making in the rain, if he sniggers at the twining of flowers in pubic hair, the book has failed him, or he the book. Most basic of all: if the reader cannot accept Lawrence's vision of human love, or at least entertain it as a hope or a possibility, he must find *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a dullish diatribe against a provincial and dated capitalist society, with ludicrous or even pornographic sex interludes.

Lawrence surely leaves the reader in little doubt over his conception of love. As the good zealot he is, he provides both precept and example in the most explicit terms. Early in the book Sir Clifford asks, "Don't you think that one can just subordinate the sex thing to the necessities of a long life?" Connie's answer—for the moment—is a faint Yes; later it is a resounding No. For "the sex thing," known and realized deeply, is for Lawrence life at its very core; and as the gamekeeper says, and Connie comes to know, "There's no keeping clear." "The life of the body," "primordial tenderness," "the fire of sheer sensuality," "the closest of all touch" —in phrase after phrase Lawrence announces his faith, and at each union of the lovers he celebrates it. Elsewhere, deriding Ben Franklin's prim advice on "venery," he states his creed as a pagan religion: "Know only that 'venery' is of the great gods. An offering of yourself to the very great gods, the dark ones, and nothing else."

So there can be no mistake: Lawrence is a heretic, in Christian eyes an apostate gone a-whoring after carnal abominations. Better to marry than to burn, said St. Paul; better still, deny the flesh, conquer it, rise above it in virtuous triumph. And this is Lawrence's rejoinder, spoken through Connie: "The human body is only just coming to real life. With the Greeks it gave a lovely flicker, then Plato and Aristotle killed it, and Jesus finished it off. But now the body is coming really to life . . . and it will be a lovely, lovely life in the lovely universe, the life of the human body." Thus the prophecy of the book.

Were there ever stranger words published in America in Year Fifteen of the mushroom cloud? Are we not, most of us, past real understanding? However eagerly we listen, can we truly hear? For the years of our lives have taught us profoundly otherwise; mecha-

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nism and terror, exhaustion, fatuity, ennui, madness; Coventry, Buchenwald, Hiroshima; hurricanes of sound and floods of words, instinct with death. Thanatos has been ours too long. Eros is not for us, so late as this. And as Mellors is not our man, Connie is not our heroine, our woman; that place belongs to Nicole Diver or Temple Drake, to Margo Dowling, to Blanche or Stella or Mrs. Stone, to Lolita, to Lady Brett, to the remote visions called Maria or Renata the Daughter; which is to say, to the women of dreams, or of nightmares. This is what we know, or have been told; this is what we have to pass along.

But each generation must rebel against the last, or lose its soul. Once there was Whitman, who sang of the body electric and the open road, the shy singer in the swamp cedars and the institution of the dear love of comrades. Now there is D. H. Lawrence, who calls again for sanity and joy, who asks once more that we embrace separate, personal, sensual love, and affirm individual life. For so many of us, his words enjoin the unlearning of our lives' lessons, and although perhaps we would obey, we cannot. But the youngsters—for them there may still be time; and if there is, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* can serve them for a banner, as *Leaves of Grass* once served Thoreau. And for all our doubts, how can we do other than wish them well?

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A Fable of Time and Class

K. R. MINOGUE

THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES when men drew their values from Tradition, or from God, or from the State, or from some transcendental realm beyond the reach of experience. While all these sources of valuation remain, they are now overshadowed by a comparatively recent innovation: The Future. The present is merely subsidiary to this, the only unchallengeable absolute of the century.

As a result, the typical man of the twentieth century is a diagnostician. He is a man with his finger on the pulse of his society. The instrument he uses for his diagnoses is not the stethoscope but the theory, and the theory provides him with trends. This intellectual diagnostician is looking for the diseases which sociologists, in particular, have discovered: conspicuous consumption, other-directedness, power-elitism, organization manhood and so on. Such an intellectual can be extremely subtle, and does not even hesitate when confronted with the paradoxical diagnosis of an Alexander Herzen: "We are not the doctors, we are the disease." Flanks may be turned, but never the corner to understanding.

Only those who take their analogies from history will *not* find this strange. To them it is clear that civilizations go through various phases of a cycle, from youthful freshness to mature development, and finally on to a stage of dissolution characterized by morbid self-consciousness.

Yet it is strange, and has raised the question: Why has European civilization suffered such a signal lack of confidence precisely at the moment when its powers have enormously expanded?

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Is this a genuine illness, or a form of hypochondria? A wealth of literature has concentrated upon the related phenomena of totalitarianism and two big wars as demonstrating that something is obviously wrong. No one can dismiss this kind of answer; yet even here it is not impossible that we have been somewhat overimpressed by mere bigness. The twentieth century has no monopoly of nastiness; but its nastiness is certainly more efficient.

The theologian also has a particular explanation. Our increased power over nature and each other has alienated us from knowledge of God, and from the humility that is essential to a sane and balanced life. Anxiety is no substitute for humility. This is a voluntarist explanation, offering us an escape route if we renounce our errors. Theologically-minded historians like Toynbee can combine explanations, resting upon the vital (and false) premise that decadence is something that characterizes not merely some activities within a society, but the whole society itself. The study of past civilizations permits the generalization that technological vitality and political expansion are signs that the last phase in the cycle of civilization is upon us. Since decadence is to us what impotence is to an aging rake, we worry about it.

There is one further diagnosis of the century that needs to be cited here because of its logical interest: the view that the main characteristic of the present epoch is that of change and transition, or in other words that it has *no* distinctive character. We are moving from a past we know to a future that will be stable, but we are simply in motion. This thesis is clearly the product of living in the future (which is much the same thing as creating fantasies), but it is popular, particularly among those who wish to persuade us into something.

The genesis of this kind of Futurism may be indicated in the form of an intellectual fable.

Once upon a time, when essences were as secure as kings on their thrones, there were three classes: an aristocracy, a proletariat and a bourgeoisie. They were distinguished by their conception of time. The aristocracy lived in the past, for the simple reason that it was the class of tradition and had nothing to hope for. The

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proletariat lived in the present because it knew little and cared less about the past and was too depressed to have much hope of the future. If a member of the proletariat acquired some money, he had a good time while it lasted and returned to poverty when it was spent. This characteristic made most lovers, and some artists, spiritual members of the proletariat at various stages of their lives, no matter what their class of origin. And, lastly, there was the bourgeoisie, and it was the class of the future. Since it was moving up in the world, it wished to repudiate its inglorious past. But even the present seemed inconsiderable compared with what the bourgeoisie expected to achieve. It believed in working now for pleasure later, and its slogans were thrift and industry. As time went on, it became the rich and prosperous member of this family of classes.

But two things eluded the bourgeoisie. One was fulfillment, and the other was prestige. Fulfillment eluded it because of the elementary fact that the future never turns into the present. Just as, in evolutionary terms, creatures are presumed to have lost organs that they failed to utilize, so it was with time. Those who lived in the future ended by losing the present. Like the poor, the future is always with us, but it is usually a generation away. The bourgeoisie found that no matter how much time passed, it was still working for the future. And even the success that attended the efforts of the bourgeoisie (and it was a dazzling, if never completely satisfying, success) simply reminded it that one can look to the future not only with hope, but also with fear.

Prestige also eluded the bourgeoisie. Its young were rebellious and impatient for fulfillment; they took a long time to settle down to working for the future, of which each generation had a rather different conception. Prestige went to the heroic, the beautiful or the pious, and the bourgeoisie was none of these things.

In spite of these failures, the bourgeoisie grew and grew, and, perhaps in revenge, it turned cannibal and ate up its rivals. Only scraps remained of the proletariat and the aristocracy. This development was not unexpected, since while no one could imagine a society in which everyone was aristocratic or everyone proletarian, it was quite possible to imagine an almost exclusively bourgeois so-

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ciety. The bourgeoisie was the only class which claimed that its moral code was suitable for everyone. So everyone lived in the future, and in proportion as their hopes increased, so also did their fears.

In an agony of masochism, they invented new instruments of self-torture, such as the social sciences and statistics. The social sciences invented new things to fear and statistics showed precisely the rate at which bad things would get worse. Given the central obsession of change, to which everything directed attention, people began to suffer the sensations of an inexpert rider astride a runaway horse. All they could do was to reason that the horse must have stood still sometime, in order to grow, and that it would have to stop sometime, else it would drop dead.

Some such fable as this lies behind many serious cultural histories whose main intent is to explain our present situation. What limited plausibility the fable has derives from the fact that ways of life (distinguishable in terms of time conceptions) were once approximately co-extensive with social and economic class. The relation held good in spite of inevitable modifications due to such factors as age, temperament and mood. It no longer holds good because, however we may define classes, they have ceased in any sense to be related to time conceptions.

Those who are sensitive to change cannot resist attempting to predict its direction. By emphasizing the virtue of foresightedness and attacking the vice of complacency they may further impose this sensitivity on everyone else. The fact of change is then common ground, and political struggles are argued out in terms of persuasive predictions. What always accompanies such a development is a conviction of the novelty of the situation. Men have never before had to face so imponderable a future.

But that, of course, is largely illusion. Some element of change is endemic in human life, and there have been many other periods when men have feared decadence and have been bewildered by their conviction of instability. Not infrequently this very conviction itself became the agent of further change, leading to further

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bewilderment, and so on cumulatively. It is indeed very difficult to shake off the feeling that the past really was as fixed as it looks in historical narrative.

Conversely, it may be doubted whether things do in fact change as much as they sometimes seem to. The evidence for the stability of human affairs is just as easily at hand. Even where change is most dramatic, there is always an undertow. The tide looks as though it will engulf everything, as science at one point looked as though it might engulf religion, but there is always the ebb. In social affairs, one might even propound a weaker version of the second law of thermodynamics: To every action there is a *nearly* equal and usually opposite reaction. Political traditions, for example, do not easily change simply because men wish it so. Whether we see the stability or the flux depends, to a large extent, on us.

Why then are we so sensitive to symptoms of change? To some extent the fable gives an indication of where we must look for an answer—namely, in the diffusion of attitudes that were once to be found primarily in one social class. An important vehicle of this diffusion was the historicist social theory, of which the best examples are Marxism and a belief in Progress. It makes little difference that few people now subscribe to such theories, their defects having been fully exposed, for what haunts us now is not so much the doctrines as the disposition to see events as symptoms. Old theories never die, and they take a long time even to fade away. The reason is simple. They become superstitions. Seeing the future as more important than the present, because it will be the fulfillment of what we do now, is the kind of superstition that drains reality away from experience. The superiority of the future implies, for example, that the ethics of the future will be superior, and this is explicitly affirmed in Marxism. A living sense of the future cannot help but spur us on. If it holds success, we will be encouraged to hasten it; if it is thought to hold disaster, then we shall bend all our efforts to avoid it. But the future is like the carrot in front of the donkey. It is suspended from our own backs, and all we will ever get is the exertion, not the carrot.

The vision of success in the future comes from successful control

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of environment in the past. This too is a trend: our control of the world will continue to increase as it has done in the past. Perhaps, indeed, it will. But the rub lies in the simple word "our." It is possible to argue that the first person plural pronoun is the most dangerous word in our political vocabulary: who, in other words, is Us? And who controls the controller? The Liberal solution to this question is simple but wrong: namely that "we," by controlling our own desires, will become increasingly rational and then our control will become beneficent. But this is merely the pious hope that everybody will become a liberal.

The Puritans, in a sense, began it all. How did they face the prospect of disaster? Their usual procedure was to cleanse their souls, purify their thoughts, and resolve to merit divine grace in the future. We have followed them in this. Just as the anxious individual has his New Year Resolutions, so nations have their revolutions. (June, July, and October are the months that spring to mind.) Every revolution proclaims that things are going to be different in the future. This illusion may be termed the myth of the New Start, and it has given a new and dangerous significance to daydreaming. The sort of New Start that has absorbed most people over the past two centuries has been political. The history of France, especially, has been a long series of New Starts, interspersed with periods of panic, ever since 1789. Indeed the French have set out so often to reject the bad traditions of the past that the difficulty has been to find something new to reject. But rejection—starting anew with a purified spirit—is itself a tradition, namely puritanism.

Fear of future disaster usually turns into fear of present decadence. It is a pretty dim social philosopher who is unable to make out a case for the decadence of his own time. Trends are an invaluable help, and every event can be seen as a symptom. The defect of what might otherwise be an amusing intellectual pastime is that desperate fears suggest desperate remedies. The most important progeny of the modern obsession with decadence has been fascism: fear of decadence leads to the worship of will power. If we are falling short, then we must gird our loins for the big effort that will

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hurry us past the dangers in our path. Those who do not join in the effort are traitors to the cause; they must be coerced. Under the shadow of this kind of anxiety, the exercise of ordinary liberties begins to look like feckless complacency, and those who wish only to be left alone get accused of selfishness and indifference to the national interest. These more or less totalitarian strands in western thinking (always present in some form) now appear under the guise of sermons about our moral fiber, materialist inclinations or economic weaknesses.

There used to be a vogue for displaying in shops and houses printed cards bearing the legend: "Don't worry. It may never happen." And so much of hope, fear and illusion goes into our conception of the future that it might even be safe to commit oneself to the proposition that the future never happens. But this line of thought can be refined even further. We can observe that the future is a quite mythical place, and that it is logically impossible to prefer anything in the future to anything in the present. *All* our choices are present choices. The archetypal form of the illusion that they are not is to be found in the practice of saving—whether one saves one's money, virginity, energy or anything else does not affect the situation. Saving is a form of voluntary deprivation that moralists have always recommended. Among the inducements they claimed for this form of behavior was a belief that the satisfactions surrendered in the present could ultimately be drawn out of the bank swelled with interest. We have already noted that, as a matter of experience, the Future never comes; we may now add to this the discovery that it never was there in the first place. All that we can ever do is prefer one present policy (for example, thrift or chastity) to another present policy (for example, indulgence). We may have prudent reasons for our choice, but the choice is not one between present and future.

Any attempt to diagnose one's own time is doomed to futility, but it is an irresistible temptation. The myth of the Future is now, if not in decline, at least being threatened. The evidence of this is to be found most strikingly in the strength of conservative political forces at the present time. Some time in the seventeenth century,

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one class of European men suddenly awoke to the fact that the future was not necessarily like the past. They elaborated their notions of what it could (or must) be like and started rolling along in pursuit of their conceptions. Some time around now, people are beginning to feel that the future will be, in essentials, roughly like the past. Essentials are, after all, only what people choose to make them, and fashions in technology need not qualitatively change human life. Of course, all possible varieties of these opinions will long continue to co-exist, and the move toward conservatism, although it may be symptomatic of a desire for some sort of stable present, will not save us from worry over the melodramatic prophecies each year will undoubtedly bring forth. It is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish irrational anxieties from rational prudence.

Yet politics, particularly, have been greatly modified. Democratic politics have always contained a large element of Futurism. Political leaders have been rather like Lincoln Steffens, arriving perpetually from some new Moscow to announce: "I have seen the future, and it works." Only a very few years of prosperity have been needed to create a more influential kind of pronouncement: "I can keep the present going along nicely, thank you."

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Doctor of Theology: Orals

ROBERT HUTCHINSON

Through the graduate lens that filters light
In the best of all possible worlds we found him living
    Swaddled in thought.

Misshapen by the sun's misgiving
He raised an insect head from whose thick eyes
    The light was leaving:

Our savior thus: Christ on his knees,
And ragged testaments wherein are glossed
    Tautologies.

—And thought of David and his dance,
The saints outside, implacable, their
    Stony feet gyrating;

How Brigid fresh from cheese and wine
Had highborn angels in to dine
    And kept the better part of heaven waiting.

✪ ROBERT HUTCHINSON is the author of a book of poems, *The Kitchen Dance.* He was recently awarded a grant by the Eugene F. Saxton Memorial Trust for a novel in progress.

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Quantum Physics and the Creative Mind

DOUGLAS ANGUS

ALTHOUGH THE TRANSITION FROM CLASSICAL TO QUANTUM PHYSICS has been one of the major revolutions in human thought, practically no attempt has yet been made to trace its special effect upon contemporary aesthetics. This effect has followed two main paths: a general influence through the key role of quantum physics in enlarging the evolutionary synthesis, and a direct influence, with new developments in biology, psychology and cybernetics, upon our understanding of the creative imagination.

In its general influence upon philosophy, quantum physics has made possible the view that all phenomena, from star formation through chemical and biological evolution to the forward groping of human intelligence, form a single unitary process from simplicity to complexity and ever increasing consciousness. Since man is, by this view, no longer an insignificant accident in a vast and indifferent cosmos, but the very foreshoot of evolution in a universe no longer entirely purposeless and meaningless, one may expect that the profound pessimism and analytical disintegration that has characterized modern art will presently give way to a more positive evaluation of man and a more harmonious unity of design. Already a small avalanche of semipopular scientific books are spreading this new philosophical view. Moreover, here and there in fiction, where new philosophical ideas might be expected to exert their influence, a more positive philosophy and a more heroic conception of man and his destiny are beginning to appear. The outstanding illustrations of this new view are probably Pierre

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Boulle's *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* and Romain Gary's *The Roots of Heaven*. However, the shift in values also may be seen in the works of Pasternak and Lawrence Durrell; and although blurred by sentiment and dogma, it is evident in various minor works such as Glendon Swarthout's *They Came to Cordura* and Morris West's *The Devil's Advocate*. The point is that in such figures as Morel in *The Roots of Heaven* and Nicholson in *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* the heroic is no longer sentimental but is tragic and symbolic. These writers are neither angry young men nor self-preoccupied existentialists, but mature, socially conscious humanists. So close to us, however, is this new mode in fiction that it is still too early to distinguish the truly significant from the transient. Certainly a work like Glendon Swarthout's *They Came to Cordura* hovers close to the popular sentimental fiction that has continued side by side with the more profound literature of the age of analysis.

Of the direct effect of quantum physics upon certain long-established hypotheses concerning the creative imagination—that great mystery at the core of all aesthetic theory—we may speak with more confidence, for, theoretical though this influence may be, it is part of the unfolding structure of pure science.

There are five such basic hypotheses that are significantly altered by the modern revolution in physics. The oldest, and one of the most persistent, is Plato's proposal that the creative imagination has a divine origin outside of man. This was an idea that fitted well with medieval theology, but the eighteenth-century humanists Shaftesbury and Young brought the origin of creative thought down to earth by locating it in a sport of human nature called genius; later, Freud and Jung placed it in the unconscious, and so gave to the ancient idea its modern variation and a fresh vitality.

Equally persistent and influential has been Aristotle's famous definition of the creative imagination as the power to depict the universal in the individual. Here Aristotle became involved with one of the fundamental dualisms of Western dialectic thought, the paradox of the one and the many, and although his definition is a brilliant one, it does not resolve the paradox; this is also true for Coleridge's more inward view of the relationship of the part to the

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whole. How the work of art can remain particular and yet representative of many is but an outer aspect of the question of how the parts of a work of art can remain individual yet subordinate to the whole. The new evolutionary synthesis with its unitary view breaks down these dualisms. By this view individuality and universality are seen to be but polar aspects of any system of organic unities whether it be mental or physical, with both qualities increasing as the complexity of organization increases. To put it another way, classification is meaningful only where there is a significant degree of individuation, for as we go back through biological and chemical evolution to the hydrogen atom, both universality and individuality merge into homogeneity and so cease to be significant. Thus we may say of nature as of the human artist that the finest creation is the most complex—in nature, man; in art, a Hamlet or a Leopold Bloom, characters in whom a seeming paradox exists, for they are at once unusually individual and unusually representative. Because of this truth it is important to remember that the apparent simplicity of greatness or of supreme beauty is really efficient organization of complexity. There can be nothing remarkable about a synthesis of the simple or the meager.

According to this unitary, evolutionary view, the process by which the mind creates artistic unity is essentially similar to the biological processes that produce and maintain physical organisms. In *Matter, Mind, and Man,* E. W. Sinnott states this position:

> The way in which the mind organizes a swarm of apparently unrelated stimuli into a pattern or whole and perceives this whole through a wide range of changes in the stimuli themselves is strikingly similar to the way an animal or plant builds random matter into the organized system which is its body, often in spite of many obstacles. The subordinate relation of the parts (individual stimuli or individual cells) to the whole (the gestalt or organism) is much the same in one as in the other.

In this area Gestalt psychology has made important contributions. According to the Gestalt principle of configuration, the mind's function is to organize manifold details into recognizable units. The form dimly envisaged by the artist or the hypothesis of the scientist is a partial configuration that the mind seeks to complete or close. The very function of the mind, therefore, is to reduce

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the many to the one. Two conclusions from Gestalt studies are of special interest here: one is the evidence of the suddenness and wholeness of insight, and the other is the important, if somewhat mystifying, role of trial and error in insight. George Hartmann, in *Gestalt Psychology*, gives a fairly early position of the Gestaltist on both these points:

> One is tempted to believe that where insight is not immediate, or at least sudden, it has lost its essential character, and one may also suspect that where partial and gradual insights are admitted, they represent either what would ordinarily be termed sheer trial-and-success, or at best transition stages between that and insight *per se*. The main difficulty of trial and error hypothesis—how the correct solution could ever be hit upon by chance—is only partly removed by the insight view. . . .

But this passage was written before cybernetics revealed to us how even mechanical applications of trial and error as they increase in speed and numbers begin to take on some of the characteristics of thought, and before quantum physics made us aware of the possibility of submicroscopic trial and error processes so small and so swift as to be unconscious. In other words, what seems sudden and whole may actually be the last phase of an extensive organic type of evolution on the submicroscopic level, a phase that seems to flash miraculously into a completed large-scale pattern too complex to be analyzed by any large-scale device. Because in 1935 Hartmann's view was necessarily unrefined and mechanical, he could not see how insight could be a synthesis of randomness with the force for order exerted by the incomplete configuration.

Thus we see that the mystery involved in the old paradox of the universal and the particular is somewhat dispelled by the examination of factors hitherto concealed. In mental creation these factors are the incredibly swift and microscopic organizational processes; in biological organisms these factors are the stages of the hidden evolutionary past built into the overlaid "habits" of interreaction among the multitudes of individual cells.

This application of quantum physics to the study of mental processes has clarified one important derivative hypothesis arising out of modern analyses of Aristotle's famous dictum by W. K. Wimsatt, Jr., and other critics—namely, that beauty may be evaluated

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according to the degree of organized complexity it involves.

Another widely discussed aesthetic principle especially affected by quantum physics is the idea that art is peculiarly free. This theory holds that art is a kind of activity in which, by the selection of an unusually plastic medium and the reduction of subsidiary action to the automatic level—through increased use of the unconscious or of automatic reflex patterns to achieve style or grace—a unique harmony, flexibility and wholeness of expression is attained. Such a wholeness of action was Bergson's idea of freedom, and it is similar to the hypothesis of W. L. Kolb and other social psychologists that freedom is the degree of self-determinism achieved by any system working within and among other systems.

The first step in comprehending how the new physics provides a common physical explanation for these basic hypotheses is to appreciate fully the submicroscopic complexity of the brain's organization. It is the most densely organized unit of matter in our known universe. Sherrington, R. W. Gerard and others refer to tiny electric leaks and flowing patterns of incredible intricacy and swiftness. Comparing these tiny charges to lights, Sherrington, in *Man on His Nature,* describes the waking brain as follows:

> The great topmost sheet of the mass, that where hardly a light had twinkled or moved, becomes now a sparkling field of rhythmic flashing points with trains of travelling sparks hurrying hither and thither. The brain is waking and with it the mind is returning. . . . Swiftly the head-mass becomes an enchanted loom where millions of flashing shuttles weave a dissolving pattern, though never an abiding one; a shifting harmony of subpatterns.

The cortex of the human brain contains about ten billion cells and is capable according to C. Judson Herrick of 102,783,000 synapses. It is difficult to find terminology to express even hypothetically what happens when these immense numbers are involved within such limited space, and there are controversies between structural connection theories and dynamic field pattern theories, between connectionist and configurationist theories, all vaguely suggestive of the conflicting particle and wave theories of quantum physics. It would seem necessary, in short, to think of both structural patterns and wave motions as involved in the workings of the

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brain; that is, the brain must be thought of as being amazingly fluid and at the same time amazingly precise. One wonders, therefore, if the suddenness and wholeness of insight may not occur because the small-scale phases are affected by "quantum jump," the sudden and complete jarring of one submicroscopic configuration into another. As Erwin Schrödinger points out, apparently in small-scale systems there cannot be continuous change, only such leaps from one pattern to another. (A flash of insight thus seems to reflect in large-scale, conscious terms something of this quality peculiar to small-scale activity.) It is possible that on the submicroscopic level of the thought processes large numbers of "quantum jumps," trial configurations, can be marshaled by delicate shifts in energy ratio under the control of some general selective process.

There is some justification for assuming that quantum physics is involved in mental processes because of the great density and complexity of the patterns packed into the small space of the human cortex. It seems inescapable that controlled organization reaches down into the submicroscopic realm in the human brain, just as the complexity of inherited traits packed into the gene suggests the presence of controlled organization so fine as to involve perhaps mere thousands of atoms. Thus we may say that life and thought are processes in which organization has pushed its way down into the submicroscopic realm of the random, creating a kind of twilight zone in which randomness and order work together to produce biological evolution and free, creative thought.

An early contemporary artistic intuition of this truth may be involved in T. S. Eliot's principle of the "objective correlative." Eliot's position is that if the right image or event is found by the poet, a complete and unified experience will be evoked by the hidden organizing processes of the mind. There will be no observable intermediate steps, no gradual connecting and linking as is characteristic of conscious mechanical thought. Instead, by a kind of magic, since it is so swift and invisible, from the part the whole will be born. The principle underlies modern symbolistic poetry, which is distinguished by its lack of mechanical or logical connections.

The most exciting principle of quantum physics to apply to mental activity is Werner Heisenberg's uncertainty principle,

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which maintains that there is not merely an epistemological, but actually an inherent, uncertainty in subatomic activity. Things aren't even real in this realm, Heisenberg insists, but exist as a kind of *potentia.*

From the first, the implications of this theory for the problem of free will have been recognized, for the idea that the minute particles of matter are indeterminate suggests that there must exist in large-scale phenomena the possibility of change not entirely determined by the past. The main refutation or, at least, qualification of this argument has been that for large-scale events in which large numbers of minute particles are involved ironbound statistical laws prevail. However, in the two areas where evolving change takes place on the most noticeable and dramatic scale, biological evolution and creative thought, it appears that systems have emerged whereby large-scale events are funneled through the small-scale world of quantum physics, making possible change, growth, evolution, and original ideas—all forms of freedom from absolute determinism.

What happens in biological evolution, according to Schrödinger in his book *What is Life,* is that the permanent small-scale pattern of the gene may undergo, because of radiation, a "quantum jump" resulting in a mutation, which, if it survives the stress of the fixed law of survival of the fittest, becomes a relatively permanent and significant part of large-scale events. And so life evolves.

In the human brain, as in the gene, minute and intricate patterns enjoy great permanence and are at the same time extremely fluid. There is, moreover, a basic similarity between the *process* of biological evolution and what happens in creative thinking. In both processes a tremendously large number of possibilities are submitted to a relatively fixed screening process—in biology the laws of survival, in creative thought the controlling hypothesis, theory, dream or vision. As Gestalt psychology proposes, this latter is a *partial* configuration. It is not quite right or complete. The random possibilities offered by the mind are probably configurations that hover or range about this partial, suggestive, fixed, large-scale template. The right match finally offered by the mind is always in the nature of a completion. The secret of creative think-

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ing lies largely in the ability to set up such partial patterns that reach out tentatively toward new relationships. But always some large-scale purpose, problem or established artistic form—something that has already happened in the large-scale world—must precede and control the small-scale random play of the imagination. It would seem to be the mind's built-in, instinctive urge toward unity that plays the role of Plato's "third man" and enables the mind to recognize the right match when it appears.

Thus we may say that in human thinking the rigid, large-scale world is funneled through a fluid small-scale world where the Heisenberg principle of uncertainty inter-reacts with a large-scale law or design to produce something new in the universe that is not accidental or fleeting but part of a continuing line of evolutionary change.

In some highly creative minds this random aspect of mental creativity is apparently so pronounced as to be felt consciously. In his famous letter to Jacques Hadamard, quoted in Hadamard's *The Psychology of Invention in the Mathematical Field,* Einstein refers to the *play of elements* in his thought. Several times he uses such terminology:

> It is also clear that the desire to arrive finally at logical connected concepts is the emotional basis of this rather vague play with the above mentioned elements. But taken from a psychological viewpoint, this combinatory play seems to be the essential feature in productive thought—before there is any connection with logical construction in words or other kinds of signs which can be communicated to others.

Thus from biology, physics and cybernetics comes new evidence to support and modify the Freudian theory which locates the origin of creative thought in the unconscious.

It is easy to see how the brain's capacity for small-scale, high-speed shuffling of the innumerable symbols of reality caused it to emerge as an important device for survival. Faced with an outer situation, the human brain can consider results accruing from many possible lines of action and make its selection before the outer situation has changed appreciably. Thus through thought man veritably steps outside of time and so escapes the strict necessity that governs the existence of nonthinking things. This kind of

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freedom is to be found in all creative thought, but artistic creativity is the freest of all, for at its best it has neither political, moral nor economic necessity. It exploits to a maximum degree the randomness inherent in the compressed submicroscopic organizing of the brain.

Thus quantum physics seems to offer a common physical explanation for four key aesthetic hypotheses that formerly were not seen in so close a synthesis. These four, to recapitulate briefly, are that creative thought combines the universal and the particular, is largely subliminal, is unusually free, and is unusually complex.

There remains that venerable hypothesis, of a somewhat different order from these, that when man creates he enters into communion with a divine and universal force extending beyond the confines of his personality and running through all nature. But quantum physics and other related scientific sources provide a new variation of this old idea—one might call it the scientific variation. We have seen in human creative thought and biological evolution a common method by which large numbers of random possibilities, through a kind of trial and error process, are submitted to a fixed law or template. There is evidence that this trial and error method extends far beyond biological evolution. If we wonder why there should be so many billions of stars, we have now at least this much explanation: so great a number of thermonuclear furnaces assures nature of almost unlimited combinations of matter under an extremely wide range of heat and radiation. Among these infinite possibilities must eventually appear those precious median conditions that release biological evolution. In her blindness, and in experimenting with physical realities rather than submicroscopic representations of reality, nature must depend upon vast numbers of trial forms existing in vast spaces and evolving through immense lengths of time.

Thus we can truly say that when man utilizes the creative powers of his mind he does indeed enter into communion with, or becomes a part of, the great creative process that runs through all nature, but which in him is infinitely concentrated, refined and accelerated.

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A Hundred Thousand Straightened Nails

DONALD HALL

WHEN I WAS GROWING UP, I spent every summer helping out on my grandparents' farm. My grandfather was a great storyteller and told me anecdotes to go with every face whose portrait hung in the farmhouse gallery, those long rows of silhouettes, daguerreotypes, tinted photographs and snapshots which my grandmother kept in the parlor and the sitting room. The portraits had names which I recognized on headstones when we visited graveyards. Though I loved the bright flowery borders and the white paint of the farmhouse, and though I loved our haying in the dry heat of the fields, I was always aware that New Hampshire was more dead than alive. Walking in the dense woods, I learned to be careful not to fall into the cellar holes.

If I was morbid, it was not my grandfather's fault. He was interested only in lively stories about the dead, and he lived so completely in the dramatic scenes of his memory that everything was continually present to him. My grandmother was occasionally elegiac, but not enough to influence me. When I was nine I saw my Great-Aunt Nannie, blind and insane, dying for one long summer on a cot in the parlor, yet my own lamentation for the dead and the past had begun even earlier. Many of my grandfather's stories were symptoms, to me and not to him, of the decay of New Hampshire; a story might include a meadow where the farm boys had played baseball, or a wood through which a railroad had once run.

I found myself, too, taking some of the characters in his stories at a value different from his. So many of them lived a half-life, a life

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of casual waste. He often talked about Washington Woodward, who was a cousin of ours. I knew Washington well, yet my image of him was a mixture of what I had observed and what my grandfather had told me. The whole farm was composed of things which Washington had made or at least repaired, so there was no end of devices to remind my grandfather of a story about him. Most of them were funny, for Washington was eccentric, yet after I had finished laughing, even perhaps when I lay in bed at night and thought over what had happened in the day, the final effect of the stories was not comic. I turned Washington into a sign of the dying place. I loved him, and I could feel his affection for me. Yet when I thought of the disease that afflicted New Hampshire, I knew that my grandfather's face was the exception to disease. The face of sickness was the mouth and moving beard, the ingenious futility of Washington Woodward.

This was a paradox, for Washington hated corruption and spied it everywhere like a prophet. Yet unlike a prophet he retired from corruption to the hills, meditated it, and never returned to denounce it. He bought a few acres high up New Canada Road, on Ragged Mountain, in 1895. He lived there alone, with few forays into the world, for the more than fifty years until he died.

I have seen pictures of him, in the farmhouse gallery, taken when he was a young man. He was short and muscular of body, handsome and stern, with a full black mustache over a down-curved mouth. I remembered him only as old, for even in my first memories he must have been sixty. The image I retained had him bent nearly double from the waist, with quick bright eyes and his mouth jiggling his beard in an incessant monotone.

When Washington was young, my grandfather told me, he was already the misanthrope who would exile himself. He had been the youngest of eleven children in a family related to my grandmother. His father, everyone admits, was lazy and mean. Their house burned down, and the children were boarded with various relatives. Washington was only six but already embittered and even surly when he came to live with the Kenestons. My grandmother was a baby. He stayed until he was twelve, and he always looked back to those years as a golden age; my grandmother's family was the great exception to the misanthropic rule. To my grandmother,

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he was an older brother; when she nursed him during illnesses late in his life, she was remembering someone who had been kind to her when she was as dependent as he had become.

He would never have left the Keneston house of his own will. When Washington was twelve, his father drove into the farmyard on his broken-down wagon and called for him until he came out of the barn where he had been wandering with little Katie. Washington knew the sort of man his father was, but he knew that sons obeyed fathers. When he had reached the wagon his father told him to lift a hundred-pound sack of grain out onto the ground, and then back into the wagon again. When he did it without straining, his father said, "You're big enough to work. Get packed up. You're coming home."

Washington ran away four years later and set up on his own as a hired hand and an odd-jobber. He was a hard worker and skillful. The best thing about him was his pride in good work. By the time he was twenty-five, he had repaired or built everything but a locomotive. Give him a forge and some scraps of old iron, my grandfather said, and he could make a locomotive too. I knew him to shoe a horse, install plumbing, dig a well, make a gun, build a road, lay a dry stone wall, do the foundation and frame of a house, invent a new kind of trap for beavers, manufacture his own shotgun shells, grind knives and turn a baseball bat on a lathe. The bat was made out of rock maple, and so heavy that I could barely lift it to my shoulders when he made it for my thirteenth birthday. The trouble was that he was incredibly slow. He was not interested in your problems, but in the problems of the job itself. He didn't care if it took him five weeks to shingle an outhouse that plumbing was going to outmode in a year. This was one outhouse that would *stay* shingled, although the shingles might protect only the spiders and the mother cat.

His slowness cost him money, but money did not matter to him. He did not even call it an abomination like drinking, card-playing, smoking, swearing, lipstick and dancing; he simply did not think of it. He needed no more for supper than bread and milk. Did anyone else? If he didn't care about money, he cared about people sticking to their word; he cared about honor, whether it concerned his pay or the hour at which he was to finish a job. Once

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a deacon of the church asked Washington to fix the rickety wheels of a carriage. Washington told him it would be four dollars, and he spent six full days at the forge strengthening the wheels and adding supports until the axles would have carried five tons of hay, much less the deacon and his thin wife. But the deacon said, when the carriage was delivered, that four dollars was too much, and that three dollars was what the job was worth. Washington refused to take anything, and he never sat in his pew again, for if deacons cheated, churches were corrupt. He read his Bible by himself.

During all his years of solitude, he was extraordinarily sociable whenever he saw his family, as if the taciturnity he had assumed with his solitude was unnatural. He stored up, alone in his shack, acres of volubility which the sight of a relative discovered. If I remarked to him that an apple he had given me was a good apple, he might say, "Well, I remember; that apple came from the tree by the woodchuck hole in the northeast corner that leans toward the south; though it don't lean too much; down in that patch there; it's from a splice, that branch is, from a big tree, high as a house, on John Wentworth's land; his orchard behind his cowbarn beside the saphouse; well, the tree, old John Wentworth's been dead twenty years' tree, was always a good one for apples, big and meaty with plenty of juice to them; and one summer about 1919, no, 1920 I guess, I was working up to John's; I was fixing some sap pails had leaks and I shingled the icehouse, the back of it, where you couldn't see from the road but it was about gone; I'd done the front before and I told him the back would need doing; I was there as much as two months, ten weeks I guess; and it come apple time while I was there, and I helped him picking and he come up here and helped me; and I had my few trees up here, not so many as now, not half so many, as I reckon it, and one time I was mending a water pipe that fed the horse trough, it had come loose, and John didn't have no more solder, so I had to come all the way back to the shop; and as I was going I stopped to look at the tree, the big one, and I thought about asking John if I could splice off a limb as part pay; well, I never did get back that day because I saw a deer in the peas when I got here. . . ." And then he would tell how he waited for the deer and shot him, and what he had done with the pelt, and what John Wentworth had said to him when he asked for the limb,

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and how he had spliced it to his own tree, and on and on until, if the body had been strong enough, Washington would have talked out the whole contents of his mind. Scratch him anywhere and you touched his autobiography. Any detail was sufficiently relevant if it kept the tongue moving and the silence broken. My grandfather's many memories, on the other hand, were separated into stories with just enough irrelevant material of the past to keep them circumstantial; they had form, and you knew when he had come to a stopping point. Washington was a talking machine capable of producing the recall of every sensation, every motive, of a lifetime; and all the objects of his world could serve him like Proust's *madeleine.*

It was not the past that interested him, but talking. If he had known about contemporary politics, he would have been willing to use it as his pretext for speech; but in the pursuit of independence he had cut himself off from everything but his daily sensations. The talking was the same when he was young and when he was old. When we visited him at his shack, he would invariably trot alongside the car or buggy as we left, jogging a hundred yards farther with the story he couldn't end. My mother remembers from her girlhood, and I from twenty-five years later, how my grandparents would go to bed while he was talking, and how he would drone on for hours in the dark. When he was old and sick, he would talk in his chair in the kitchen while they read in the living room. Sometimes he would laugh a little and pause, as he reached a brief resting space in his unfinishable monologue. My grandmother learned to say, "Is that so?" whenever there was a pause. My grandfather swore that she could do it in her sleep.

Washington always wore the same costume in the years I knew him. The only thing that ever differed about his appearance was his beard, for he shaved in the summer and let his hair grow for warmth in the winter. He wore heavy brown overalls, patched and stitched, and a lighter brown workshirt stitched so extensively that the cloth had nearly vanished under the coarse stitches; over these he wore a light, nondescript workcoat, and in winter a thick, ancient overcoat with safety pins instead of buttons. He often spent his evenings sewing by the light of a candle until his eyes hurt.

Washington had built his shack on the slope of Ragged Moun-

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tain on the western, downward side of New Canada Road, two miles up from U. S. 3 by the road, but half a mile as the crow flies. He had a small pasture for cattle, a hen yard, geese wandering loose, a good orchard of various apple trees and other northern fruits, and at various times he kept pigs, goats, ducks and a dog. His shack was small, and it had grown smaller inside every year. Layers of things saved grew inward from the walls until Washington could barely move inside it. A tiny path among the boxes and animal pelts led from the door to a cross path from an iron stove to a Morris chair. Washington slept upright in the chair every night.

If he found a board in a ditch as he walked home from the day's work, and if the board had a bent nail in it, he would hammer the nail out of the board with a rock and take it home. If the board would make kindling or if it was strong enough to build with, he would take it along too. He would straighten the nail with a hammer on the anvil at his lean-to shop and put it in a box with other nails of the same dimensions. He might have to move a dozen other boxes to find the right one, but he would know where it was. It wasn't that he was a miser, because he cared nothing for the money he saved by collecting used nails. And when he died he did not, like the misers reported in the newspapers, leave a hundred thousand dollars in the back of a mirror; he left a hundred thousand straightened nails. He saved the nails because it was a sin to allow good material to go to waste. Everyone knows the story about the box of pieces of string, found in an old attic, labeled "String too short to be saved."

Besides nails, Washington kept a complete line of hardware and parts: clasps, hinges, brackets, braces, hoe handles, axe heads and spare rungs for ladders. He also saved elk, moose, bear, beaver, fox and deer pelts. On the wall beside the door were his rifle and shotgun and boxes of shells and cartridges. He was a good shot and a patient hunter. Until he was old he shot a big buck every year and ate nothing but venison until the bones were bare. Once a year, in the early fall, he had my grandmother bake him a woodchuck in her big oven. Only when his legs were so bad that he did not dare to wait out an animal, for fear that he would not be able to move after being still, did the woodchucks and hedgehogs manage to eat

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his peas and his apples and in this way avenge their ancestors.

He ate one kind of food exclusively until he finished his supply of it. Often it would be nothing but oatmeal for a week. Again he would buy two dozen loaves of stale bread and eat nothing else until the last moldy crust was gone. I remember him eating his way through a case of corn flakes; and when the woodchucks had eaten his garden, one winter, he ate a case of canned peas. It was no principle with him, but simply the easiest thing to do. When he was old and sick, living a winter in the rocking chair in my grandmother's kitchen beside Christopher, the canary, he bought his own food and kept it separately, in a cardboard box beside him. At this time he had a run on graham crackers. He did not eat on any schedule, and sometimes my grandparents would wake up in the middle of the night to hear him gumming a cracker, his false teeth lost in the darkness of a Mason jar.

When he was younger he must have been nearly self-sufficient. For much of each year he would refuse outside jobs from anyone, unless my grandfather particularly needed a mowing machine fixed or a scythe handle made when the store was out of them. And often he wouldn't take any money from my grandfather, although my grandmother would try to pay him in disguise with shirts and canned vegetables and pies. To pay the taxes on his land he worked a few days a year on the county road gang, repairing the dirt roads that laced the hills and connected the back farms with the main road in the valley. For clothing he had his gifts, and I know that he once made himself a coat out of fur he had trapped. For food he had all the game he shot, and he kept potatoes and apples and carrots and turnips in a lean-to (the food covered with burlap a foot thick to keep it from freezing) beside his shack, and he canned on his small stove dozens of jars of peas, tomatoes, corn and wax beans.

When he took an outside job or made a little money by peddling patent medicines like Quaker Oil or Rawleigh's Salve, he might buy himself a candy bar or five postcards or a pad of paper, or he might give it away. When my mother and her sister were at college, they sometimes had a letter from Washington with a nickel carefully wrapped inside. The patent medicines were before my time, and my grandfather told me about them. Washington would occasionally fill a large basket with his vials and jars, cut himself a

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walking stick, and set out to peddle on the back roads. He would sleep in barns, barter for his food, and return after a week with a pocketful of change. A room on the second floor of the farmhouse was always full of cases marked in the trade name of a cough syrup or a tonic. Everyone in the family sniffed up drops of Quaker Oil to stop sneezing, or ate a few drops on a lump of sugar for coughing.

Washington worked hard at tending his trees and garden and animals, and when he was through with his chores he invented more work for himself. He spent considerable time and energy at what I could only call his hobby. He moved big rocks. His ingenuity, which was always providing him with the creation of new, usually trivial tools (tools which took him four days to make and which simplified a fifteen-minute job), invented a massive instrument of three tall pine logs and an arrangement of pulleys. It looked like the tripod of a camera, but the camera would have been as big as a Model A. By means of this engine, he was able to move huge rocks; I don't know how he moved the whole contraption after the rock was lifted, though when I was a boy I must have heard detailed descriptions of a hundred rock-moves. (I was another who learned to shut the door between his ears and his brain.) He moved any rock for whose displacement he could find an excuse: small boulders that obstructed his fields; rocks near the house whose appearance offended him; rocks beside the road into which a car might sometime, possibly, crash; rocks, even, in the way of other peoples' cows in other peoples' pastures. When he was old and couldn't use the machine any more, it weathered beside the front door of his shack, and when he died someone took it away for the pine.

It was the cows he was thinking of, not the farmers, when he moved rocks in a pasture. However seriously he meant it, he often indicated that, except for his family and one or two others, humanity was morally inferior to animals; at least to the animals which were, like his family, his own creatures. He had developed a gorgeous line of cattle, out of a combination of devotion and shrewd trading. It was when I knew him that he had Phoebe, the last beast that he truly loved. Phoebe was a Holstein, a prodigy among milkers and the only cow in the world who thought she was a collie dog. Treated like a house pet from birth, she acted like one with

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Washington. She came frisking to him when he called her, romped with him, and all but whined when she couldn't follow him into the shack and curl her great bulk at his feet. Washington fed her apples and peas in the pod while he ate stale bread. She slept on the other side of a plank wall from him, so that he could hear any irregularity in her breathing. He washed her every day. When she was old and lame, Washington invented a rig like his rock-mover to help her stand or lie down. He nursed her when she was sick, and he was caressing her when she died.

My grandfather told me about an earlier pet, Old Duke the ox. Washington taught Old Duke to shake hands and roll over. He made a cart and a sled which Old Duke could pull, and it would take him a whole forenoon to drive the two and a half miles from his shack to the farmhouse. The only time Washington ever showed romantic interest in a woman was when a young girl named Esther Dodge helped out at the farm one harvest. Washington paid court by asking Esther, a pretty red-cheeked country girl as my mother remembers her, to go for a ride behind Old Duke. Esther would only go if the girls, my ten-year-old mother and her younger sister Caroline, could come along, and they giggled all the way.

When Washington was seventy-eight, Anson Buck found him in a coma one morning when he came to deliver a package on his R.F.D. route. Anson carried him into the back seat and drove fourteen miles to the hospital at Franklin, where they operated. When he recovered, he went back to his shack. One day the following December, my grandmother made some mince pies and decided to send one to Wash. She flagged down a young lumberman as he passed by in his blue 1934 Chevrolet and asked him to leave it off on his way up New Canada to work. He was back almost as soon as he left, saying, "He's looney. Old Wash is looney." After Great-Aunt Nannie, no such announcement was liable to surprise my grandmother. She called "Yoo-hoo" to the barn and told my grandfather what had happened. The lumberman drove them to the shack.

They found Washington sitting on the floor of his cabin between his sleeping chair and his cold stove, which my grandfather said hadn't been lit all night. Washington didn't seem to notice that they were there but kept on talking as they had heard him

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talk before they entered. What he said was incoherent at first, but they could tell that it was about building a road, about white hogs and about two ladies. He allowed himself to be helped over the thick snow into the Model A and driven back to the house.

Washington told his story for many days, over and over, until my grandparents finally understood its sequence. My grandfather told me all about it the next summer. The night before he was found, Wash said, he took a walk to look at a timber lot of my grandfather's north of his shack. (His legs were so bad that he never walked any farther than his well that winter; the timber was three-quarters of a mile away.) When he got there he saw a whole crowd of people working, though it was nearly dark, and they were cutting a big new road. They had bulldozers, which were white, and a big herd of white horses. He walked up to some of the people and tried to talk to them, but they acted as if they couldn't see him, and they were jabbering in a language he couldn't make out, but it wasn't Canuck. He walked away from the crowd and climbed a little rise, and when he looked down on the other side of the rise to a cleared field he saw about a hundred hogs, all pure white. In front of them were the biggest sow and the biggest boar he had ever seen, both pure white, and they were mating. Washington started to walk down the hill and he stubbed his boot on the nose of a horse that was sticking up through the snow. He and the horse fell in the snow, down and down, until the people lifted them up on the huge piece of chicken wire that was underneath the snow. Then two women among the people took him back to his cabin and stayed there all night with him. He watched, all night long, the tips of their hats against the background of starlight from the cracks in the cabin walls. Though he asked them questions, they never answered.

The doctor came and listened to Washington and gave him morphine. When he woke up he seemed fine except that he kept on with his story. My grandfather told him that there was no road going into his timber lot, and Washington was only indignant. After a week he began to ask visitors about the road, and they all told him there wasn't any, and he stopped telling the story. In the spring he paid a boy with a flivver to drive him past the place so that he could see with his own eyes.

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He never had delusions again. Perhaps he had left his cabin for water and had fallen in the snow when his legs failed him. Perhaps he had crawled for an hour in pain through all that whiteness back to his shack where he had talked to the boxes all night. By April he was back at his cabin again, and that summer he was eighty years old.

He died in a state nursing home. My grandfather and I went to see him a month before he died, and his cheeks were flushed above the white beard, and his eyes shone while he performed his monologue. He joked with us and showed us the sores on his legs. He displayed me to his nurses and to the silent old men in the room with him. It was a little like all the other times I had met him, yet seeing him ready to die I was all the more impressed by the waste of him—the energy, the ingenuity, the strength to do what he wanted—as he lay frail and bearded in a nightgown provided by the legislature. The waste that he hated, I thought, was through him like blood in his veins. He had saved nails and wasted life. He had lived alone, but if he was a hermit he was neither religious nor philosophical. His fanaticisms, which might have been creative, were as petulant as his break from the church. I felt that he was intelligent, or it would not have mattered, but I had no evidence to support my conviction. His only vision was a delusion of white hogs. He worked hard all his life at being himself, but there were no principles to examine when his life was over. It was as if there had been a moral skeleton which had lacked the flesh of the intellect and the blood of experience. The life that he could recall totally was not worth recalling; it was a box of string too short to be saved.

Standing beside him in the nursing home, I saw ahead for one moment into the residue, five years from then, of Washington Woodward's life: the shack has caved in and his straightened nails have rusted into the dirt of Ragged Mountain; though the rocks stay where he moved them, no one knows how they got there; his animals are dead and their descendants have made bad connections; his apple trees produce small and sour fruits; the best built hayracks rot under rotting sheds; in New Hampshire the frost tumbles the cleverest wall; those who knew him best are dead or dying, and his gestures have assumed the final waste of irrelevance.

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An Unprofessional Eye . . . . . .

Docket No. 15883

BENJAMIN DEMOTT

"A world of inviolably separate contexts" —the phrase is opaque like any label for an age, but from season to season situations develop that clarify it, and among such situations that of Norman Mailer, novelist, has recently become notable. The thirty-seven-year-old author of *The Naked and the Dead, Barbary Shore* and *The Deer Park* was arrested on November 21, 1960, at University Hospital in New York. His wife, a painter and actress, had been admitted to the hospital thirty-six hours before for treatment of wounds in her upper abdomen and back, one of which—three inches deep and three-quarters of an inch wide—was described in the press as a "thrust near the heart." Accused of inflicting these wounds himself, the novelist was committed to Bellevue for psychiatric examination and was thereafter pronounced sane; the hearing on the accusation was held on January 12 of this year in Felony Court at Centre Street in Manhattan, and ended with a decision by Magistrate Walter F. Gladwin to hold the case for the action of the Grand Jury.

The legal context of the matter was uncomplicated, and the argument of the prosecution did nothing to obscure it. The first witness called was Mrs. Mailer, the novelist's second wife and the mother of their two children, who was asked by Assistant District Attorney William F. Reilly whether she wished to sign a complaint against her husband. "My husband and I are perfectly happy together and I don't wish to make any," she said. Mr. Reilly handed her a short form police affidavit and asked her first to read it and then to say whether its allegations against her husband were true. She read the document and returned it, saying, "I just can't answer that . . . I don't know." Magistrate Gladwin intervened, bidding Mrs. Mailer: "Tell us what happened." "There was a party," said Mrs. Mailer, "and some people and I really don't remember. . . ." The prosecutor resumed with a series of questions: "Do you remember being cut?" "Do you recall being taken downstairs [to an apartment of a neighbor]?" "How many people were at the party?" "Do you remember talking to Detective Burns [an investigating officer] at the hospital?" "Was your husband drinking?" To each of the questions Mrs. Mailer replied that she did not know or did not remember; she testified that she was drunk at the time, and knew only that she had been "injured in the chest" and referred to "a scratch on my back." The prosecutor asked what kind of dress she had been wearing when she sustained these injuries, and whether it had holes in it; when Mrs. Mailer answered that she was wearing a black dress that had been "darned by a tailor," he opened his hand disclosing a shabby black penknife—the handle slightly narrower than that of a Boy Scout knife, the blade two and a half to three inches long. He asked the novelist's wife whether she had seen this object before; the response was: "No." On Mr. Reilly's request the Magistrate declared Mrs. Mailer to be a hostile witness.

The defense attorney, Mr. Joseph E. Brill, had no questions, and the prosecutor called Dr. William Mackler, the physician

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who had treated Mrs. Mailer. At this point Mr. Brill, after brief parley with the Magistrate and Mr. Reilly, announced that the defense would concede that "Dr. Mackler . . . reported a stabwound and that in his opinion it was inflicted by a knife." After testifying on the depth and location of the wounds, Dr. Mackler was excused (the defense again putting no questions), and the prosecutor called Nettie Marie Biddle, who identified herself as a nursemaid employed by the Mailers for the past two years. She testified that she was in the kitchen of the Mailer apartment at about four-thirty Sunday morning, November 20, the hour at which the party mentioned was ending. Asked if she heard a scream, she replied: "I heard a noise, like somebody frightened," and explained that she went downstairs in an elevator "to get help" from a neighbor. (This person was not fully identified.) She remained in the neighbor's apartment while he went upstairs. In answer to other questions she testified that she saw Mrs. Mailer before the latter went to the hospital, that Mrs. Mailer "seemed to be in pain," and that she herself had no further conversation with Mailer later in the day except an exchange of morning greetings, after which he had asked her to "take the dog for a walk."

The final witness, Detective Francis J. Burns, testified that on taking Mailer into custody, he had told him that he "had spoken to his wife and as a result of that conversation [he] placed him under arrest." Detective Burns said that he had searched his prisoner and found the knife that had been shown earlier by Mr. Reilly, and he added that his prisoner had remarked that "he always carried a knife." Under further interrogation he asserted that his prisoner "denied he cut her," and had said that "he wouldn't make any comment without a lawyer." At the end of this testimony, which concluded the People's case, Mr. Brill, whose objections to the prosecution's line of questioning had repeatedly been overruled, moved for dismissal of the charge of felonious assault against the defendant on two grounds: first, that no proper complaint was before the court, second, that a prima facie case had not been presented. Magistrate Gladwin denied both motions and ordered that the case be forwarded to the Grand Jury and the bail of $2500 continued. A moment later another defendant was before the court.

The chamber in which this hearing occurred is not a magical house of abstraction, an instrument capable of fixing experience in a single neutral view; the proper names in the minutes are not proper names only. The defense attorney, Mr. Brill, is a bald, birdlike, narrow-faced man with an urbane manner, fierce eyes and a goatee; the voice in which he commented on the proceedings ("The memory of pain is very fleeting, Your Honor") was at once cajoling, acerb and intense. Mr. Reilly, the prosecuting district attorney, is a tall, young, fresh-skinned, personable man whose face as he pleads the People's cases in the crowded Felony Court docket usually shows nothing save a faint weariness; Mr. Brill's insistent objections to his questions brought a boyish shyness into his face as he queried Mrs. Mailer. The latter, who on both her appearances in court wore a velveteen dress of soft green and a simple necklace, is a handsome, quiet-spoken woman of thirty-five, proud in bearing. The novelist himself is a short, strong-shouldered man with protruberant ears and a settled expression that knows, challenges and disdains simultaneously; in movement he articulates his limbs in deliberate, almost fanciful stages, with the result that perambulation becomes an act of delicate athletic balance. But as goes without saying, all matter of this kind was irrelevant to the situation as it existed in the legal context. At the center of the latter—since Felony Court is an arraigning court, the purpose of which is to determine whether a case should be dismissed, reduced to a lesser charge or held for the Grand Jury—there was but a single question. Was the evidence offered sufficient or insufficient to convince the judge that there was probable cause to believe that a felony had been committed and probable cause to believe that the defendant committed it? Magistrate Gladwin's opinion that "a probable crime has been committed" stood, in the legal

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context, as a temporary classification of the situation.

Newspaper versions of this situation, as might be expected, were not restricted to the language of "probable cause." More important, the rubrics implicit in them—"artistic eccentricity," "love's triumphs" and "the life of celebrities"—had at best tangential connection with each other. On those occasions when journalists clarified their reports by implicit reference to eccentricity, they understood the novelist's situation in terms of his behavior in previous legal proceedings. It was recalled that six months before, when Mailer was jailed in Provincetown, Massachusetts, on charges of drunkenness and disorderly conduct (he was said to have called out "Taxi! Taxi!" at a passing police car), he had retained no lawyer, defended himself, calling witnesses and putting questions—and although he was found guilty of drunkenness, the charge of disorderly conduct against him was dismissed. And while a more recent charge, stemming from a dispute at the Birdland night club in Manhattan over payment (by credit card) of a bill for $7.50, had produced no unconventional responses, the case at hand had done so—indeed, had offered suggestions for a sort of general theory of artistic eccentricity. On the morning of Mailer's arraignment on the assault charge, a police surgeon's report was read into the record which urged his admission to a hospital for examination; the surgeon's claim was that the accused had shown "homicidal and suicidal" tendencies, "delusional thinking," symptoms of "paranoid breakdown." After listening to the report, Mailer asked permission to speak, and made a brief statement asserting that he was sane, and that it was important to him not to be automatically sent to a mental institution. He said, "If this happens, for the rest of my life my work will be considered as the work of a man with a disordered mind." His address reportedly included the observation: "My pride is that as a sane man I can explore areas of experience that other men are afraid of," and these words, together with the Magistrate's decision to commit, directed reporters to quasi-diagnostic terms. In the context built up in their stories, the novelist's situation was understood as evidence that the significant bearings of eccentric or artistic behavior might be insanity on the one hand and pride on the other.

The context mentioned lost usefulness on publication of the psychiatric report from Bellevue Hospital, which found Mailer to be legally sane. But another rubric for the situation presented itself. The process of its emergence was, to be sure, confused. On the morning of Wednesday, November 23, the newspapers of the city gave information on the case that had been procured from the police. According to these reports, Mrs. Mailer, still on the critical list at University Hospital, had told a detective that her husband had stabbed her on or about 4:30 A.M., Sunday, November 20, after a party at their home. (Physicians at the hospital said that Mrs. Mailer, on her admission, explained that she had incurred injuries by falling on glass in her apartment; they called the police only when an emergency operation disclosed that the injuries were serious.) The detective was Francis Burns. He was quoted as saying that Mrs. Mailer told him that her husband was "depressed," that he came at her "with a funny look in his eye. He didn't say a word. There was no reason." Detective Burns was also reported to have said that Mrs. Mailer had pleaded with him in these words: "I don't want to see him [Mailer], don't let him in." The step toward a fresh account—domestic not diagnostic—was taken on December 29. The Mailers had appeared at Centre Street together the day before, and were photographed in the press room smiling at the photographers' cries ("Cheek to cheek, Norman!"); a few minutes later, in Felony Court itself, Mr. Brill moved for a dismissal on the ground that there was no complaint. The progress from eccentricity to sentiment was defined in picture captions ("Adele and Norman Mailer Sit Arm and Arm," New York *Daily News*; "A Picture of Togetherness At Court Today," New York *Journal American*).

Still another journalistic understanding of the situation—one that placed it in a

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context of celebrities and guest lists—was expressed in a language no less remote from that of "probable cause" than from that of togetherness. The alleged events of the morning of November 21 came about (according to the New York *Herald Tribune*) as a "brawling climax to an all-night . . . party . . . attended by 100 or more guests including several 'cafe' and 'beat' types. . . ." The newspaper reported that: "Among the guests were Allen Ginzberg [*sic*], one of the 'beat' poets; Roger Donohue, prize-fighter, who was absolved in the fatal knockout death [*sic*] of Georgie Flores, twenty, welterweight, at Madison Square Garden in 1951; Anthony Franciosa, actor, divorced last Friday by Shelley Winters, actress; Norman Podhoretz, editor, "Commentary" Magazine; Harold Solomon, an attorney; Delmore Schwartz, a critic [*sic*]; and Leonard Lyons, columnist for 'The New York Post.' "

The name of yet another celebrity was introduced, with further piquancy, when it became known that, thirty hours after Mrs. Mailer was admitted to the hospital, her husband taped a television program with the interviewer, Mike Wallace. The program was telecast the night after Mailer's arrest; in the course of it the novelist again announced his decision to run for Mayor of New York on the Existentialist ticket. The political implications were not explored, but a further, original understanding of the situation was expressed, the following morning, in the column of the television critic of the New York *Times*. The writer, Jack Gould, took "Channel 3" to task for overeagerness to "capitalize" on the interview and for "catering to morbid curiosity." This was the sole appearance of a moral vocabulary in newspaper definitions of the events; as is obvious, the vocabulary is not less remote from the legal context than from the others here described.

To say that none of the systems of understanding mentioned stands in any organic relation to the world of ideas is not to say that Mailer's work has had, from the beginning, an especially discussible place in that world. It has always been clear that he possessed extraordinary novelistic equipment; his fiction has never been less than alive with intuitive awareness of the master rhythms of narrative; his enthusiasts include many of the best known literary minds in the East. (After his most recent arrest, a letter describing his work as of "continuing significance and brilliance" appeared in *Time*; it was signed by Lionel Trilling, Alfred Kazin, Robert Lowell and several other writers of comparable distinction.) And it has been equally clear that his novels, each of which displayed an absorption in extremities of experience, could be placed—if with no great precision—in the mainstream of American fiction, as criticism has lately come to fathom it. But the themes of these novels—military fascism and filmland corruption are among them—did not emerge as original organizations of experience, and the writer's preoccupation with violence lacked a convincing intellectual frame. With the publication in 1957 of an essay called "The White Negro," however, Mailer did make it possible for readers to connect his present and future career with a particular set of philosophical ideas.

The object of the essay specified might be described as that of synthesizing the intellection of existentialism with the psychophysical theories of Wilhelm Reich. But its strategy was to work toward this end by offering a full characterization of a personality whose emergence in modern times the author saw as proof that such a synthesis was practicable. Early in the essay Mailer set forth the following rhetorical introduction to the figure he had in mind:

> . . . the American existentialist—the hipster, the man who knows that if our collective condition is to live with instant death by atomic war, relatively quick death by the State as *l'univers concentrationnaire*, or with a slow death by conformity with every creative and rebellious instinct stifled . . . why then the only life-giving answer is to accept the terms of death, to live with death as immediate danger, to divorce oneself with society, to exist without roots, to set out on that uncharted journey into the rebellious imperatives of the self. In short, whether the life is criminal or not, the decision is to encourage the psychopath in oneself, to explore that domain of experience where security is boredom and therefore sickness, and one exists in the present, in that enormous present which

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is without past or future, memory or planned intention. . . .

In Mailer's view, as the passage suggests, the emergence of this figure can be partially understood in historical terms. "Through most of modern history," he argued, " 'sublimation' was possible: at the expense of expressing only a small portion of oneself, that small portion could be expressed intensely"—but owing to the immense increase in the tempo of historical change and in the pressure of organized otherness on the individual, the possibility is disappearing. The result is that the "nervous system is overstressed . . ." and "neurosis tends to be replaced by psychopathy."

The likelihood that psychoanalysis can be of use in the problem is dismissed curtly: ". . . the success of psychoanalysis . . . diminishes because of its inbuilt and characteristic incapacity to handle patients more complex, more experienced, or more adventurous than the analyst himself." And it is not to be doubted that the conscious psychopath *is* more adventurous. On Mailer's estimate the character he described —one in whom such incompatibles as "the desire to murder and the desire to create" have "come to bed"—does not yet exist in great numbers. Still, he claimed, those do exist and are important, for "they are an elite with the potential ruthlessness of an elite. . . ."

The passage of the essay which drew the most comment follows a section in which the author speaks of the members of this elite as men who understand that "if one is to change one's habits, one must go back to the source of their creation . . . backward along the road of the homosexual, the orgiast, the drug-addict, the rapist, the robber and the murderer seek[ing] to find those violent parallels to the violent and often hopeless contradictions he knew as an infant and as a child." The passage in question was the following:

> The strength of the psychopath is that he knows (where most of us can only guess) what is good for him and what is bad for him at exactly those instants when an old crippling habit has become so attacked by experience that the potentiality exists to change it, to replace a negative and empty fear with an outward action, even if—and here I obey the logic of the extreme psychopath—even if the fear is of himself, and the action is to murder. The psychopath murders—if he has the courage—out of the necessity to purge his violence, for if he cannot empty his hatred then he cannot love, his being is frozen with implacable self-hatred for cowardice. (It can of course be suggested that it takes little courage for two strong eighteen-year-old hoodlums, let us say, to beat in the brains of a candy-store keeper, and indeed the act—even by the logic of the psychopath—is not likely to prove very therapeutic, for the victim is not an immediate equal. Still, courage of a sort is necessary, for one murders not only a weak fifty-year-old man but an institution as well, one violates private property, one enters into a new relation with the police and introduces a dangerous element into one's life. The hoodlum is therefore daring the unknown, and so no matter how brutal the act, it is not altogether cowardly.)

A whole school of apocalypse can be related to this passage: writers as various as Nietzsche, Rilke, Sartre, Henry Miller, Lawrence, Céline, Genet and Beckett. And for this reason it is fair to say that an intellectual context now exists for the interpretation of Mailer's career. At first, the novelist seemed neither more nor less inclined to link his career definitely to the school named than he had been to link himself with the hipster. He answered several published critiques of his essay that appeared in the columns of *Dissent*; but he did not confront the objection of one writer who complained that as a social report "The White Negro" was untrustworthy, because hipster types in actuality possess less mind, less consciousness, than Mailer attributed to them. In his latest book, however—it was published in November, 1959 —he declared that he now understood that a direction he took in his second novel was a first step toward his future work. *"For,"* as he added in an italicized headnote, *"I wish to attempt an entrance into the mysteries of murder, suicide, incest, orgy, orgasm and Time."*

Ideally relations are endless—but the world of "inviolably separate" contexts is

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not of course the world of the ideal: it is simply a place of attenuated understanding. Much has been said about the intellectual significance of this attenuation. Every educated man has heard that the scientist and the humanist cannot utter to each other, and that the tendency of the lawyer, the journalist and the intellectual to speak in separate tongues has harmful consequences. But there is a moral dimension to the matter that deserves a word. Tocqueville long ago observed that democratic man is "habitually engaged in the contemplation of a very puny object: namely himself"; the alternative to such contemplation is the sense of the reality of the general world of families and laws and manners and habits—that flood of otherness which still, despite the ferocity of the men of the apocalypse, forms for the majority a kind of context for individual attitudes and actions. Yet it is exactly this sense of reality that is impoverished by the reduction of experience into local languages and limited understandings. Otherness cannot be made real to the imagination in unrelated snippets that offer "a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man"; events are drained of substance when defined in the language of the celebrity list or the critical essay. And when their substance vanishes, the self alone remains as an object of interest.

To say all this is not to contend that the heart of the affair spoken of here actually lies open to any intelligent eye: the precise point is, indeed, that no observer can pretend to locate it. The relation between an ideology of violence set forth in an essay and a charge of felonious assault set forth in a police affidavit *cannot be known*; public instruments like the law are incapable of naming it, and there are no other instruments. It does not follow from this, however, that Docket No. 15883 commands attention only as an item once placed, cynically or otherwise, in a variety of contexts. The fact of its impenetrable existence deserves to be read at once as a sign of, and a response to, a world convinced of its incapacity to envisage the wholeness of any moment of time.

The present age is the most copiously reported in history, but owing to the pace and variety of public events, as well as to the gap between information and meaning, not all this reportage issues in understanding. With this number THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *introduces a new columnist whose purpose is to report and interpret events of public significance in a manner more speculative and less uncommitted than that of informative journalism. His subjects from issue to issue will be current episodes of social, political or literary interest; his point of view is that of the reasonably informed but unspecialized observer—in short, an unprofessional eye.*

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Lamarck, Darwin and Butler

Three Approaches to Evolution

GEORGE GAYLORD SIMPSON

The lives of Jean Lamarck (1744-1829), Charles Darwin (1809-1882) and Samuel Butler (1835-1902) spanned the turbulent nineteenth century, and they helped to make it turbulent. As different as three geniuses could well be, they nevertheless were alike in their passionate interest in organic evolution, and they were linked in curious ways. Their voices still are heard today, Lamarck's a feeble and distorted echo from the past, Darwin's a quiet but firm pronouncement by which we orient our lives, Butler's a shrill and petulant cry that has not lost the power both to entertain and to annoy.

The tenor of Lamarck's life was sad. The history of his ideas and reputation is ironic, at times so egregiously so as to become almost comic. In life, he was not without honor. He was, after all, early elected to the Académie des Sciences, and in all the uproar from Louis XVI through the revolution to Napoleon he held official posts that were among the most considerable then open to scientists. But he was honored for what were to him the wrong things, for accomplishments (mostly in the classification of plants and animals) that he considered, if not absolutely trivial, at least only incidental to his real purpose in life. He worked prodigiously in chemistry, geology, meteorology, botany, zoology, physiology and psychology. To him those studies were neither scattered nor disparate. They all were on the same subject: a world view, a cosmic philosophy that unified all phenomena. That aim was widely misunderstood in his day, as it still is now, and what was understood was rejected, as it must still be.

Lamarck lived to a great age, enfeebled, blind and neglected. He founded no school and left no true followers. A few did some lip service to his memory, but none took up the task he had set and most repudiated him entirely, or worse, simply passed over his whole theoretical and philosophical labor in utter silence. Then after Darwin and *The Origin of Species*, and two generations after Lamarck descended to his limbo, some critics of Darwin's theory of natural selection developed an opposing theory that came to be called Lamarckism or Neo-Lamarckism. This is the ironic joke: that the theory to which Lamarck's name became and still remains attached and to which all his posthumous fame is due is fundamentally different from what he himself intended. It would have been bitterly repudiated by him, and he might well have preferred the neglect that was his lot while living. The few Neo-Lamarckians who read Lamarck inserted their own quite different conclusions between his lines. Most did not even read his work. As Guyénot, one of the very few historians who have indeed understood Lamarck, puts it, "Certain 'Lamarck-

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ians' have upheld concepts that are so far from that of Lamarck, so obviously contrary to what he explicitly stated, that they make one wonder whether they have ever read the *Philosophie Zoologique.*" The crowning irony is that Butler should have become Lamarck's most determined spokesman. "Who has such a friend does not need an enemy" might have been said of Butler's defense of Lamarck.

Just what, then, were Lamarck's views if they were not the origin of Neo-Lamarckism? The barrier to comprehension here is formidable. One must blot out the whole attitude of objective science toward the material world, an attitude that has now become almost second nature to Western man, even (with some strongly defended exceptions) in the thought of nonscientists. For the fact is that outside of his routine but sometimes brilliant work in taxonomy Lamarck was not a scientific pioneer, indeed not really a scientist at all, but one of the last of the subjective and deductive philosophers in direct line from ancient Greece.

Lamarck's philosophy descends in a noble lineage from Heraclitus. The fundamental aspect of nature is change. The world *is* process and activity, and its reality is less in fleeting material configurations than in the very fact of their fleetingness. Lamarck first applied this world view in chemistry, where he saw in fire, an element to him as to the ancient Greeks, the basic principle of activity and therefore of the whole universe. He was a resolute opponent of objective molecular chemistry, which was arising in his lifetime. He further applied that philosophical system to geology, where he denied the reality of minerals as species of fixed composition and saw in them only stages in a constant flux tending always toward disintegration and decomposition. As for life, it is the very essence of activity, with fire (or "caloric") as its physical basis or principle. Life is, moreover, the creative process in the universe. Through life the flux of matter leads upward continuously into higher states of activity, of "composition," or as we might put it—it is so difficult for us to leave the argument entirely in Lamarck's terms—into more complex compounds. As these products pass from living organisms into inorganic nature, the flux reverses and becomes a degradation toward the simpler and lower. The products of that retrograde process then pass again into living things, and so the cycle is ever renewed. Thus in a sense, and translated into somewhat modern terms, all chemical compounds are of organic origin, either in themselves or as stages in the decomposition of organic compounds.

As late as 1797 Lamarck, then fifty-three years old, mentioned in passing his acceptance of the orthodox eighteenth-century view that species of organisms are immutable. By 1800 he was teaching that fixed species do not occur in the organic any more than in the inorganic realm. He had a profoundly uniformitarian and monistic world picture, and he now saw that in *all* realms the rule must be flux and not configuration. In retrospect this has seemed to historians a radical change from belief in special creation to advocacy of evolution, a change, incidentally, considered remarkable in a man no longer young. I suspect, on the contrary, that to Lamarck there was nothing abrupt or revolutionary in this step. It was only a shift in attention that now brought out conclusions always inherent in a philosophy that he had embraced long since. By 1809 he had developed this into a coherent and specific philosophy of zoology in a book that bore that title, *Philosophie Zoologique.* He later restated and largely exemplified, but did not significantly change, that system in his *Histoire Naturelle des Animaux sans Vertèbres,* published between 1815 and 1822, at which latter date he was seventy-eight years old and slipping down to darkness and to death.

After a somewhat rambling introduction, Lamarck is first concerned in the *Philosophie Zoologique* with the proposition that species, genera, families, orders and classes of organisms do not exist in nature. Darwin puzzled out the origin of species; Lamarck simply concluded that species do not exist. For Lamarck the whole mass of living things is a continuum and any subdivisions in the

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continuum must be artificial, for purposes of human convenience only. Nevertheless, there are dimensions in the continuum; its different areas lie at different distances from each other; their degrees of natural relationships differ. And there is always movement within the continuum. If the descendants of a given ancestry are followed through time, they change appreciably and, in the end, greatly. In short (and in a later terminology), they evolve.

The main movement of the mass of beings is upward in the sense of increasing complexity and ability to react. The "mass"—that is one of Lamarck's most characteristic but not quite explicitly defined concepts—moves up the ladder of nature. Its lesser parts, however, such as those that we artificially excise as species, suffer certain perturbations and do not invariably progress up the ladder in a single and straight line:

"I shall demonstrate that nature while giving, with the help of time, existence to all animals and all plants, has really formed in each of these kingdoms a true *ladder*, in relationship to the increasing complexity of organization of these living things, but that this *ladder*, which is to be recognized by comparison of the objects [material organisms] according to their natural relationships, has concretely specifiable *steps* only in the principal mass of the general sequence, and not among the species or even among the genera [that is, in detail in smaller segments of the whole mass]. The reason for this peculiarity is that the extreme diversity of the circumstances in which the various races of plants and animals occur is not related to the increasing complexity of organization among them . . . and that that diversity causes the appearance of anomalies in forms and external characteristics or of aberrant species which the increasing complexity of organization could not in itself have brought about."

The whole of evolution then consists of two kinds of movements or fluxes. One is a continual (although, as Lamarck noted, not necessarily a constant) movement upward along the single route of the ladder of nature. It is, by the way, typical of Lamarck that although he considered this a progression, a perfectioning, he frequently described it in reverse order, from top (end) to bottom (beginning), and then spoke of it as a degeneration. The other movements are local within the mass, carrying some of its smaller parts but never the mass as such in peculiar directions away from the straight line of progress. He often called these local movements "anomalies" and sometimes "digressions."

The grand mass movement, the basic flux of evolution, is continuously replenished at the bottom by spontaneous generation (Lamarck's own expression) of simplest organisms from inorganic matter, a process which is said to occur continuously every day. No sooner are they generated, than those organisms join the mass movement and begin in turn to climb the ladder of life. Thus the simplest organisms of today are those that have been most recently generated and have not yet had time to progress further. The complex organisms of today are late states of organisms generated at earlier times. Those same higher states will eventually be reached by the organisms now being generated. The end of the mass ascent is man. Material compounded to this highest level does not evolve further but returns to the inorganic and is slowly degraded there until at the bottom it undergoes another spontaneous generation into life and starts the long, slow ascent toward man all over again. The whole mass of life, although always moving upward, never piles up at the top because the human population is self-regulatory and returns to the inorganic realm as much of the organic flux as rises to it from the organic mass below. Overpopulation is thus impossible. Malthus published his essay on population before Lamarck became an evolutionist, but Lamarck was no Malthusian—one of his striking differences from Darwin, although not among the most important.

A curious logical consequence of that view of evolution, duly noted and even emphasized by Lamarck, is that no group of animals, no taxonomically definable part of the ascending mass, can ever become ex-

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tinct. Any local holocaust can only make a space that is immediately closed by the flow of the mass, like the obliteration of a hole in flowing water. (That simile is not Lamarck's.) Lamarck did admit the bare possibility that some digression, some anomalous group not in the mainstream, might become extinct through the action of man.

Another curious consequence, not so clearly noted by Lamarck although it is obviously inevitable under his theory, is that the whole of organic nature must now be in what in present terminology may be called a dynamic steady state. The main taxonomic groups of organisms (above the level of genera) must henceforth and forever remain exactly the same. Even though each single group, followed through its individual lines of descent, constantly moves onward, its space is not left vacant but is simultaneously occupied by others flowing up from below. In our previous figure of speech, the water flows but the river does not change. It may be questioned in what sense this view of a steady taxonomic state of nature can really be called evolutionary.

Lamarck was perfectly clear (although wrong) about the causes of the eddies and branch streams, his anomalies and digressions. This is the one part of his theory—and it is a comparatively minor part—that was remembered and often correctly represented by the Neo-Lamarckians. Peculiar circumstances of particular places where animals may find themselves face the animals with peculiar and particular needs. (The word is "besoins"; mistranslation as "wants" or even "wishes" has been another falsification of Lamarck's thought.) To the extent permitted by their general organization (their place at that time on the ladder of nature), the animals respond by developing appropriate (adaptive) habits. Habitual use of an organ strengthens, develops and enlarges it. Habitual disuse weakens, deteriorates, diminishes and eventually obliterates an organ. The results of such use or disuse by individuals are passed on by heredity to their offspring.

According to Lamarck, and in keeping with his broader ontology, all that is significant in that process must come from within, from the organism itself as the vehicle or seat of the constructive flux of nature. Lamarck explicitly denied that direct effects of the environment were involved, or that they were heritable. The Neo-Lamarckians, all of whom accepted that factor and some of whom considered it paramount, here again were not being Lamarckian.

Lamarck was far from being so clear about the causes of the main, really important movement of evolution, the mass ascent of the ladder of nature. Passages can be found that seem, taken in isolation, to imply that this, too, is a response to ever increasing, ever more complex needs. Nevertheless Lamarck's most explicit remarks on the subject prohibit that inference. He repeatedly and definitely stated that there are two distinct causes of evolution:

"On one hand that [cause] special to the power of life in animals, a power which ceaselessly tends to complicate organizations, to form and multiply particular organs, finally, to increase and perfect faculties; on the other hand, the accidental and modifying causes (inherent in the very different circumstances in which animals occur), the products of which are the various anomalies in [for example, digressions from] the results of the power of life."

In other words, the cause of the mass progression is the power, force or capacity (the word is "pouvoir") of life; and environmental circumstances (acting through needs and hence use and disuse) produce only the minor divergences from that main line of progress. That says no more than that the main movement is an inherent characteristic of life, which certainly explains nothing. Lamarck wrote much else on the subject, but I, at least, am unable to abstract a clearer representation of his underlying concept. Perhaps one would have to be Lamarck in order to grasp it.

That vagueness and such expressions as "the power of life" have given the impression that Lamarck was a vitalist, but that is not true, at least in the sense of a dualistic distinction between vital and physical prin-

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ciples. Lamarck held that after the creation of nature by a divine Author the whole course of movement in nature has been entirely physical, while necessitated by the divinely created laws. Lamarck accepted and indeed strongly emphasized the inheritance of acquired characters as one of those laws, even though the role of the law in Lamarck's evolutionism was primarily in the rather trivial production of anomalies. That "law" is another concept as old as Greek philosophy, and surely far older. In Lamarck's day it was almost unquestioned and was generally considered self-evident. It still seemed virtually self-evident to Darwin, and the persistence of that error is one point—very nearly the only one—where there really is a historical, philosophical continuity that runs through both Lamarck and Darwin.

Darwin has been accused, most bitterly and even viciously by Samuel Butler, but also by other commentators even in our day, of cavalier treatment of Lamarck. According to all those criticisms Darwin did not soon enough or strongly enough acknowledge Lamarck's priority in the statement of evolutionary theory. Some, including Butler, went further and claimed that Darwin failed to make honest acknowledgement of a direct derivation of his ideas from those of Lamarck. In fact, Darwin's knowledge of Lamarck's theory seems always to have been extremely sketchy, and what early knowledge of it he did have evidently tended to put him off evolutionary ideas rather than to lead him to them—Lamarck had that effect on most biologists of his own day and the following generation. Stung by criticism, Darwin did include in later editions of *The Origin of Species* a summary of some of Lamarck's views. That summary is literally more than fair, because it abstracts just those points that, out of the original context, most nearly resemble parts of Darwin's thought, and it omits the more essential Lamarckian ideas that most of Darwin's contemporaries found ludicrous—and that, in all sympathy, truly are ludicrous when juxtaposed to Darwinian or to modern knowledge of evolution.

As a matter of historical fact the Darwinian, Neo-Darwinian, and modern synthetic theories of evolution (closely related among themselves) did not develop from the Lamarckian theory. With little qualification, the same can indeed be said of the Neo-Lamarckian theory. If, as far as now possible, one looks at the matter from a pre-Darwinian viewpoint, it seems that Lamarck's work could not have led directly either to general acceptance of the truth of evolution or to an understanding of real evolutionary processes. Lamarck's theory is at least as closely related to the philosophy of more than two thousand years earlier as it is to the science of only fifty years later. It is the contrast between the two theories and the two viewpoints, more than the resemblance, that is significant and interesting.

Darwin was no philosopher. He seems to have been quite unaware that his objective approach to the facts of life had implicit philosophical premises. He had no world view, no cosmic ontology, or rather he took the one he had for granted without introspective identification. His method, never formally learned but acquired by a sort of mental osmosis, was first to postulate some relationship among available facts, and then painstakingly to seek any additional facts that might check and more fully delineate the possible relationship. It was at this level that he learned that the basic relationships among all the groups of organisms are those of phylogenetic affinity or organic evolution. Simultaneously (for these two aspects were never clearly distinguished in Darwin's work) he sought some proximate explanation of those relationships, of the resemblances and differences and of the degrees of affinity involved in them. His explanation at this second level was natural selection, and that explanation, now enriched, is still seen as valid. Darwin knew there were other factors beyond this that up to this point had to be taken for granted. His only extensive effort concerning these factors was unfortunately oriented by a tradition that had reached him through Lamarck and many others, that of the inheritance of acquired characters. This one avenue of research in which Darwin was

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(albeit rather unconsciously) carrying on from Lamarck ended in a fiasco, a hypothesis on inheritance that Darwin's admirers would prefer to forget. (I will mention this again later.) Even here, although here without success, he was following his method of postulation checked and amplified by induction, and not the philosophical deductive method of Lamarck.

It is Darwin's method and not Lamarck's that is the method of modern science. Even had his theory been wrong—and we are now sure that it was right in the most essential respects—Darwin would deserve honor for the enormous step of bringing all of the phenomena of life into the field of objective scientific inquiry and inductive testability, as neither Lamarck nor anyone else had previously done. Darwin is the solid base on which the present essay is centered as it looks backward to Lamarck and forward—no, not forward, but sideward to Butler. Nevertheless we need not here devote so much time to Darwin as to either Lamarck or Butler. Darwin's views, unlike theirs, are now common currency. That is especially true so shortly after the centenary of *The Origin of Species* in 1959, which produced a spate of explications and commentaries centered on Darwin. I need to outline his theory of evolution only in the briefest way.

Darwin's overall view of the world of life is almost totally different from Lamarck's beyond the assumption by both that life evolves of itself and by the physical laws of the material universe. In Darwin's universe there is no complete lateral continuity, no ladder of nature, no ascending "mass," no contrast of anomaly and generality, no "power of life" with its undefined finality, no continuous cycling upward in the organic and downward in the inorganic, no steady state. Here life arose once, at a time and by means unknown but not unknowable. It then expanded and changed, branching into myriads of quite discrete lineages, many of which became extinct and were replaced not by their likes but by others better fit to occupy their places in the economy of nature. All this was in a world of constant change, progressive in the sense that each stage was built on and differed from all previous stages. The evolutionary movement was powered and controlled, not exclusively but in the main, by natural selection.

Darwinian natural selection was based on a few concepts all obviously true once they have been pointed out. After Darwin had pointed them out, honest biologists agreed they had been extremely stupid not to see them before. (Just one naturalist, Wallace, did see them without help from—and without in turn helping—Darwin.) All organisms vary, some being more and others less fit for survival. Much of that variation is heritable by their offspring. All organisms tend to produce more offspring than can possibly survive in the long run. On an average, more offspring will survive from those parents whose heritable variations make them more fit. Therefore, on an average and in the long run, characteristics that adapt various lineages of organisms to the different environments available to them will accumulate progressively within them. Q.E.D. The conclusion follows from the objective facts of nature as inexorably as the proof of a theorem in Euclid follows from his subjective axioms. We now see clearly what Darwin also sensed, but more vaguely, that the essential point is differential success in contributing offspring to the next reproducing generation and that individual survival is only one of numerous factors contributing to that result. This broadening of the concept has only enhanced the importance of natural selection.

Here we must anticipate and briefly answer two of the most clamorous criticisms of natural selection that were made by Butler and many others. First, they insisted that the real problem is the origin of the variations on which natural selection acts, and that nothing is explained unless the variations themselves are explained. Only now are we closely approaching an explanation of the origin of heritable variations. Darwin at first had no explanation and later provided a partial one that was wrong. Nevertheless the criticism as applied to Darwin

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was quite without force. Heritable variations do exist. That is an objective fact of nature known ages before Darwin and never seriously doubted by any rational person. A theory built upward on given facts may be entirely valid at its own level without any reference whatever to the origin of those facts. We would of course like to add ulterior explanation at each more elementary level, but to insist that this be antecedent to any higher level of theory is not only logically fallacious but also scientifically stultifying.

The second objection, which has become a cliché, is that evolution by natural selection is evolution by chance; and who can believe that the intricacy of living organisms and their delicate adjustment to the world they live in is the product of chance? There have indeed been biologists who believed in evolution by pure chance (some people can believe anything), but Darwin did not believe that and neither do modern evolutionists. The difficulty arises from the fact that variations do not seem to be predominantly oriented in the direction of the adaptations that organisms have in fact acquired. Here there are a great many complications and subtleties, for the most part developed since Darwin, that I cannot now expound. However, a complete and valid answer on the level of Darwin's own knowledge is clear enough. Natural selection is no random or chance process, but quite the contrary. It is directional and directive, and it inevitably must lead precisely in those adaptive directions that have in fact characterized the course of evolution. To be effective it does not require that all, or most, or many variations be in adaptive directions but only that *some* be, and it is a fact of observation that some are. One need seek no further for the antichance factor that must be involved in evolution.

Darwin never considered natural selection as all-powerful in the guidance of evolution. He always did consider it the most powerful of directive factors, at first to such an extent that when he wrote *The Origin of Species* he gave scant notice to any other possibilities. He was nevertheless sensitive to criticisms that showered down not only from Butler but also from others of more orthodox scientific reputation. Unfortunately (as we now see it) he weakened his stand in successive revisions of *The Origin*, and finally admitted four directive factors:

1. Natural selection, still, Darwin insisted, most important.

2. Inherited effects of use and disuse [as in Lamarck's explanation of "anomalies"], important but secondary.

3. Direct action of external conditions, real but unimportant in relationship to adaptation.

4. What we now call mutations, also unimportant as a cause of adaptations. (Incidentally, the word "mutation" has had a curious history; it was already used, of course in a nonmodern sense, by Lamarck, and was also used by Darwin but not in our sense and not in this passage.)

The concessions here made by Darwin placed Butler in an ambivalent situation. On one hand, they enabled Butler to cite Darwin himself as authority for a part of Butler's otherwise quite antagonistic views, and they gave a specious excuse for Butler's insistence that some, at least, of Darwin's theory was cribbed from Lamarck. On the other hand, the very fact that Darwin had conceded an essential point that Butler claimed—even though not because Butler claimed it—somewhat blunted the edge of Butler's hatchet attack on Darwin.

Butler was known in his lifetime as *homo unius libri* and is again so known today, but the book is not the same. In his lifetime it was *Erewhon* (1872) and now it is *The Way of All Flesh*, published posthumously (1903). In fact he also wrote a number of other books, among them one proving that "Homer's" *Odyssey* was composed by a woman, and four on heredity and evolution: *Life and Habit* (1877); *Evolution Old and New* (1879); *Unconscious Memory* (1880); and *Luck or Cunning?* (1886). In producing that barrage of books, Butler was following his own advice to Erasmus

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Darwin (somewhat belated advice, as Charles Darwin's grandfather had died seventy-seven years before it was given): "If his opponents, not venturing to dispute with him, passed over one book in silence, he should have followed it up with another, and another, and another. . . ."

Samuel Butler encountered *The Origin of Species*—the first edition—when he was a young immigrant sheep farmer in New Zealand. Butler was at once converted to evolution, and "converted" is the right word. Nevertheless, he did not grasp what Darwin was actually getting at, and he still had not grasped it after some twenty-five years devoted in great part to this subject. He followed the words. He eventually saw, not with full clarity but adequately, what was meant by Darwinian natural selection and came to detest what he saw. What he never did comprehend was the attitude, the whole approach to the problem, the laborious amassing of facts, the self-discipline of submitting the most cherished hypotheses to the cold judgment of those facts, the admission of uncertainties, and the critical weighing of probabilities in the light of objective evidence. In short, what he did not grasp was science, its methods and its whole philosophical orientation. It aroused in him a feeling of repugnance, rather vague at first but eventually leading to a slashing antiscientism.

Upon his conversion to evolution, Butler began to play with the idea with the wry and imaginative curiosity that was one of his attractive traits. It was a game of "What if?"—the same sort of game he later played with the *Odyssey* and with a dozen other subjects. Is not Darwin's evolution mechanical? Then what if machines evolved, became in fact animate, and eventually outdid man in the struggle for existence? Or alternatively, what if machines were viewed as external organs, new limbs that man has evolved and that carry evolution beyond the limitations of flesh and blood? Both of those games were played in *Erewhon*, his first and during his lifetime his only successful book. However, the second "What if?" was then sketched only briefly, because, as Butler said, "There was more amusement in the other view."

Then came a third game of "What if?" and somewhere along the line—it is difficult to see just where—Butler forgot that it had all started in fun and began to take his game in earnest. What if limbs are corporeal machines, just as the machines are extracorporeal limbs? Then must not both kinds of machines have been designed?

Here Butler had a vast body of nineteenth-century thought to draw on. Its bible was William Paley's *Natural Theology,* published at the very beginning of the century (1802) and still tremendously popular in Butler's day. Butler studied it with at least as much attention as he devoted to *The Origin of Species.* Its theme is still a familiar one. Is not a watch, for example, obviously designed to serve a purpose? Then must not the incomparably more intricate and just as obviously purposeful human body, as well as the whole of nature, also have been designed? Paley's conclusion was of course that God was the designer. Butler accepted the whole argument, but his conversion to evolutionism forced him to deny the conclusion.

If not God, then who? Here Butler came up with the most stunning of all his "What ifs?" We know who designed the watch and all the other extracorporeal machines. What if the corporeal machines had the same designer, man himself? Taking off from that basis, Butler wrote his first serious, or perhaps semiserious, book on evolution: *Life and Habit.* (The evolutionism in *Erewhon* was still consciously a joke.) Expressed as briefly as possible and not quite in Butler's sequence, the argument of *Life and Habit* is as follows:

We must know how to do a thing if in fact we do it. The fertilized egg in fact develops of itself into the adult organism. Therefore it must know how to do that. It seems improbable that this knowledge is conscious, but the things we know best of all are precisely those that we have learned so very well that we are no longer conscious of them. An example is the expert pianist who knows a composition so well that he is

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quite unconscious of all his individual movements that evoke the music from the piano. But the egg, as such, has never developed into an adult. To know how to do this so supremely well it must be unconsciously remembering long and repeated practice that occurred before the egg as such existed. The egg is not a new thing, not really a separate personality. It is just a detached part and a physical continuation of its parents, and hence of all its ancestors back to the first living blob of matter. They did the practicing and the learning, and the egg unconsciously remembers it all.

What of design? Clearly this is done by the organisms themselves. They meet new situations and feel new needs. They must then respond appropriately, learn something new, or perish. What they learn is remembered by their descendants. (Here, in the necessity of response to needs and inheritance of the response, is the tenuous connection between Butler's thought and Lamarck's.) And so, little by little, the more complex organisms, those with more fully stocked unconscious memories, are built up and finally produce man.

Butler has assured us that when he embarked on this thesis he thought of it as "an adjunct to Darwinism which no one would welcome more gladly than Mr. Darwin himself." If he really thought that (and when Butler speaks one never knows how much of the tongue is in the cheek), it emphasizes how completely Butler had misunderstood Darwin and the entire scientific effort of the times. Not only the thesis in itself but also the whole method of arriving at it and sustaining it are antithetical to Darwin and to objective biological science. Before publishing the book, Butler did suddenly perceive a part of the antithesis, apparently as a result of reading an attack on Darwin by the Roman Catholic biologist Mivart. Now Butler turned to Lamarck, whom he also misunderstood, and the completed book became flatly but still more or less courteously anti-Darwinian.

Butler certainly hoped that the scientists would take him seriously, but he was not quite sure whether to take himself seriously. "I admit that when I began to write upon my subject I did not seriously believe in it. . . . What am I to think or say? That I tried to deceive others till I have fallen a victim to my own falsehood? Surely this is the most reasonable conclusion to arrive at. . . . Will the reader bid me wake with him to a world of chance and blindness? Or can I persuade him to dream with me of a more living faith than either he or I had as yet conceived possible? As I have said, reason points remorselessly to an awakening, but faith and hope still beckon to the dream."

Butler prefaced those final remarks in *Life and Habit* by saying, "I am in very serious earnest, perhaps too much so," but it is he who goes on to question his own motives, to invoke faith and hope against science, and to call his theme an irrational dream. That is characteristic of Butler's perverse brilliance. Not only here but repeatedly in his numerous works he says in effect, "Frankly, I have been talking nonsense, and now if you call it nonsense I am still one up on you. Just the same, I expect you to believe what I said before and not to believe me when I call it nonsense."

Butler wanted and may even at times have expected his theory to supplant Darwin's and to transfer to him the great scientific fame of which he became openly and spitefully jealous. But at the same time, and this was not unrelated to the jealousy, he despised science and scientists. One of his many responses to that ambivalence was clever but cruel. He maintained that there are two kinds of "scientists." One kind simply knows instinctively how to live, without learning it; if they are illiterate so much the better. These "scientists" have "good health, good looks, good temper, common sense, and energy . . ." and are thoroughly delightful people. The others, the ones that are currently called scientists, ". . . are ugly, rude, and disagreeable people. . . ." It is the duty of the handsome instinctive "scientists," those who simply "know what's what," to adjudicate on the findings of the ugly, grubbing kind of scientists. So Butler places himself in the first class, although with some feigned misgivings (after all, he does know

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how to write and that is wrong for this kind of "scientist"), and he adjudicates on Darwin, plainly one of the rude and disagreeable kind. This is a rather mild example of the many times that Butler wooed scientists with brutal abuse.

Butler's second book on the subject, *Evolution Old and New*, purports to be a history of evolutionary theories. One of its theses is that study of evolution went seriously astray when it fell into Mr. Darwin's hands. (*Mr.* Darwin is Charles.) The good and true line runs through Buffon, Dr. Darwin and Lamarck, to Butler. (*Dr.* Darwin is Erasmus, Charles's grandfather.) Nevertheless Mr. Darwin derived all his ideas from Dr. Darwin and Lamarck, while Butler's ideas were only in the smallest part adumbrated by Buffon and Dr. Darwin. The contradiction is typical of the self-consciously tricky book. We need follow it no further than to mention two amusing examples of Butler's clever perversity.

Buffon flatly said that animals have no knowledge of the past, no idea of time, hence no memory. That is the exact opposite of what Butler wants Buffon to have believed, so Butler concludes that Buffon must have been "laughing quietly in his sleeve." We can hardly complain that Butler is misrepresenting Buffon, because he says quite frankly that he is, but he does so with the evident hope that we will not believe it.

Butler does admit that Lamarck really did mean things that Butler cannot support, but at least Lamarck had some good ideas and did better than Mr. Darwin. "Lamarck would not have hesitated to admit, that, if animals are modified in a direction which is favourable to them, they will have a better chance of surviving and transmitting their favourable modifications. . . ." In other words, Lamarck would have anticipated Darwin on natural selection if that idea had occurred to Lamarck! The general conclusion is that Darwin is not only wrong but also a mere plagiarist.

In the next book, *Unconscious Memory*, Mr. Darwin becomes not only a plagiarist but a liar. The latter accusation grew out of a misunderstanding too silly and too complex to explain here. Those interested in this tempest in a Victorian teapot will find all the pertinent documentation in an appendix to Lady Barlow's edition (1959) of Darwin's autobiography. Suffice it to say that the incident was a symptom and not a cause of Butler's now implacable hatred of Darwin. Darwin was for once stung to the quick and wanted to explain his position publicly, but was dissuaded from doing so by friends and relatives. His silence of course goaded Butler to greater fury than any reply could have done.

In addition to discussion of that incident, *Unconscious Memory*, a hodgepodge, follows the history of Butler's views and his writing of the first two books, and it then considers the related theories of two German biologists.

The fourth and last of Butler's books on evolution, *Luck or Cunning?*, is a rehash of much already said and a continuation, now thoroughly ill-tempered, of the personal attack on Darwin, dead five years since and unable to reply if he had wished.

After reading all of Butler's work on this subject, one is tempted to dismiss him as a mere dilettante insanely jealous of Darwin's reputation and acting like a cur snapping at heels. Darwin himself, in a passage not meant for publication, summed up with a quotation from Goethe by way of Huxley: "Every whale has its louse." That is both the most conceited and the most unkind remark that has reached us from an extraordinarily humble and kindly man. It might even have pleased Butler, for it shows that his darts had indeed made wounds.

It would, however, be both unfair and inaccurate to leave matters at that. There are here two broader issues that transcend those of personal opinion and antipathy. First, Butler had identified a real weakness in Darwin's theory and a basic problem that must be solved. Butler himself, however, approached the problem in the wrong way and left it farther from solution than ever. The second broad issue arises from the fact that Butler's failure illustrates and in a sense was caused by a damaging cultural cleavage

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that has become even more acute since his day.

It is a fact that the past experience of a race must to some extent and in some way be communicated to each individual born into that race. The experience consisted of gradual adaptation to particular circumstances and frequently to changing circumstances. Darwin solved, not in all detail but in its basic essentials, the problem of how the adaptation is brought about. He did not solve the problem of how it is communicated to descendant organisms. Butler was right to insist that that problem, too, must be solved before we can fully explain evolution, but Darwin was quite as aware of that necessity as Butler.

Darwin also attempted a solution. His suggestion, which is called pangenesis, was that particles from every region of the body are carried to the germ cells and that they transmit what is necessary of the ancestral experience. That idea is just as wrong as Butler's unconscious memory and, incidentally, it was the one idea of Darwin's (aside from the mere fact of evolution) that Butler found congenial.

As Darwin and Butler were equally wrong in regard to the particular problem that was central to Butler, it might be supposed that there is nothing to choose between them. That is decidedly not true. In the first place, Darwin had solved the problem that needed prior solution, that of adaptation. By rejecting Darwin's successful solution of that point, Butler closed the door on any possibility of further successes. In the second place, Darwin's method was right. He set up a hypothesis and painstakingly sought evidence bearing on it. He did not find adequate evidence; the time was not ripe. Pangenesis remained for Darwin not a theory, for the error of which he could be reproached, but an unverified hypothesis. "An unverified hypothesis," Darwin wrote in precisely this connection, "is of little or no value. But if any one should hereafter be led to make observations by which some such hypothesis could be established, I shall have done good service. . . ."

In fact by following Darwin's scientific approach, although not his original hypothesis, which the new observations disproved, the problem has now been largely solved. Such experience of the race as is passed on is, for the most part, in the form of coded information carried by an identified chemical (called DNA for short) associated with the chromosomes in the nuclei of the germ cells. Natural selection, in its modern guise, adequately explains how the information becomes coded simultaneously with, so to speak, its acquisition.

Where Darwin failed to reach a solution by the right method, Butler reached a wrong solution by the wrong method. Butler's own statement, more than amply supported by his performance, was that his approach, methods and intentions were literary, artistic, nonscientific and even antiscientific. Basically his whole argument is a play on words. One may say, if one wishes, that sodium "knows" how to combine with chlorine to make salt, that an embryo "knows" how to develop into an adult and that a pianist "knows" how to play a composition. But the nature and source of the "knowledge" are so completely different in the three cases that use of the same word, "knows," becomes only a metaphor or a pun. Butler's uses of the words "memory," "learning" and others suffer the same fate. Butler mistook his word game for truth.

(Here I would like to insert a parenthetical cautionary query. Are we always quite sure that we are not playing one of Butler's word games when we use such terms as "information," "coding," et cetera, in discussing these same matters today?)

Now, there is nothing whatever wrong with being literary, artistic or nonscientific —we might add for Lamarck's benefit that there is also nothing wrong with being a deductive philosopher. Butler's works that are genuinely and appropriately artistic can still give great pleasure while his pseudoscientific books only annoy. The error lies in applying artistic methods and judgments to inappropriate fields. When Butler says in *Life and Habit*, "I know nothing of science, and it is as well that there should be no mistake on this head," we feel that he does

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not mean it but that it is true just the same. Yet the book is intended to correct those who do know something of science, and to do so in their own field. Butler claims for the artist the right to "adjudicate" on science.

The fact is that Butler hated and feared science and scientists, even while he envied them. He did not reject natural selection because he found any compelling opposing evidence. On that subject he adduced only irrelevant, although sometimes quite diverting, literary ridicule. His rejection was entirely emotional. He fought the idea of natural selection because he did not like it. Fearful and wonderful as he was—and as we all are in very truth—he did not want that marvelous being to have originated in so prosaic a way.

That sort of thinking is still with us. Shaw, a great admirer of Butler's, issued thunderous pronunciamentos against natural selection, with (if possible) even less consideration of any pertinent evidence. A recent literary biographer of Darwin concludes that by great good fortune natural selection is no longer a tenable theory. In fact its scientific status is now quite unassailable, as the lady would have known if she had been one tenth as knowledgeable in science as in literature. Perhaps there is a world where wishing makes things so, but it is not the world of science, nor indeed any real world we can live in.

C. P. Snow has recently given us a catchword for the basis of those antagonisms: it is the contrast of "the two cultures." The contrast is older than Darwin, or Lamarck, or Newton. It was, however, particularly exacerbated when science finally brought *all* the phenomena of life into its sphere, and that was Darwin's doing. Darwin himself was content in his own culture, largely indifferent to the other except for flinching occasionally when someone threw a rock from the other side. Indifference and incomprehension are still more characteristic in the other culture, but once in a while someone there, like Butler, takes a look, loses his indifference, and begins throwing rocks. I greatly hope that contacts between the two cultures will increase, but I doubt whether throwing rocks, from either side, is the right kind of contact.

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If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Tradition has it that John Cleland got his royal pension in exchange for a promise not to write a sequel to *The Memoirs of Fanny Hill.* None of my own works is equally celebrated (or even of the same genre) but a few years ago our own government made *me* a similar offer. Now that my wife has passed another birthday the offer has been—as men of affairs are wont to put it—"upped." Not to beat further about the bush, I am promised one hundred and eighty dollars a month to stop writing.

Those who follow my calling are accustomed to the fact that society puts no large price upon their product, but it is startling to find it evaluated as frankly undesirable. So far I have not accepted the insulting offer but I shall probably come to it in time. Or perhaps some sufficiently irritated reader will make me an even better one.

As I understand it, Washington does not care how much "unearned income" I may have. The one condition is that I shall stop working. And the reason for this insistence (which would have seemed very strange at any previous period of the world's history) is now obvious: the fear of overproduction and consequent unemployment. The SCHOLAR, for instance, could give a job to some younger and unemployed writer if I were not hanging about after my time has passed.

The logic is a little more persuasive when applied to situations involving the production of goods potentially constituting a more tangible surplus. But I wonder if there might not be a better way of meeting the general problem. Granted that technology has put us in a position where we are constantly threatened with more food and more "durable consumer goods" than we can use (or waste) conveniently, is there then no remedy other than the only one I have ever heard proposed—namely fewer man-hours of labor and greater consumption—the latter to be encouraged by making durable goods less durable and by fostering the concept of "psychological obsolescence" in the case of a great variety of gadgets from electric toasters to automobiles—all of which persist in refusing to wear out fast enough? I have a different plan of my own, and I will try to conquer my natural modesty if other sociological thinkers feel that in the future it should be briefly referred to as the Krutch Plan, or Principle. It does not involve either a two-day work week or a campaign to convince people that they are underprivileged if they do not have a color television set in every room, including the toilet. Briefly, it proposes the systematic encouragement of such nonproductive labor as mine; or rather, if that description seems unkind, the production of nonmaterial things that do not have to be destroyed or stored when a surplus exists. The most obvious of such sometimes durable but never physically burdensome things are the products of intellectual and artistic endeavor.

Certainly, to take as an illustration my own particular case, there would be no need to offer me a bribe to stop writing if more people read. Quite as obviously, it would not be as difficult to find jobs for people in industry if more workers were writing books, painting pictures or composing symphonies,

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while fewer made electric toasters and automobiles. Of course those economists who cannot think of "consumer goods" except in terms of material things will reply that if fewer toasters and automobiles were made we should soon have an excess of purchasing power because of an insufficiency of consumer goods to absorb it. But there would be no excess of purchasing power if the public were as eager to buy books as it is to buy motor boats and television sets. Not all such purchasers would have to want for their own sakes the things they might buy. A large library or a collection of pictures conceivably might become a recognized status symbol such as they now are for a small class, and such as automobiles and the like now are for the majority of our citizens.

If it be objected that this just isn't in human nature and that human nature cannot be changed, I have two answers. The first is that societies that had a good deal more interest in things intellectual and artistic with proportionately less interest in the material certainly have existed. As Henry Adams pointed out long ago, cathedral building seemed to the European Middle Ages just what railroad building did to nineteenth-century America—namely, the one thing most worth doing. I see no theoretical reason why we might not someday turn from the worship of the automobile to the worship of books and spend as much money on libraries as we now do on cloverleaves.

The second answer is that the you-can't-change-human-nature argument is obviously false. Human nature has been changed within the last generation or two—changed by manipulation and propaganda to such an extent that economy, fear of waste, not going into debt, and keeping things useful as long as possible have all come to seem shameful rather than, as they certainly were formerly, tendencies to be inculcated and admired.

What changed human nature to that extent? Some will say it was the logic of evolving technology; some that the arguments of economists were convincing; some that the clever corrupters centered around Madison Avenue are responsible. But in any case human nature did change in one direction and therefore might change in another. Would anyone like to second me in the proposal that we see what could be done, either by propaganda or by a planned shift in emphasis directed by those in government who formulate those loan, tax and subsidy programs by which they now direct industry?

Once before I cited Robert Heilbroner's recent and able book *The Future as History* in which he attempts to predict the future by a process of extrapolation. He assumes—resignedly rather than with enthusiasm—that "with the rise of abundance" advertising will become even more important because "the nature of consumer demand has radically changed. . . . It is no longer concentrated on the basic necessities of life. . . . Indeed business is forced to create and capture the public will if it is to have any reasonable assurance of stability in the 'wants' to which it caters." But books, pictures, lectures on philosophy and copies of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR are as little "basic necessities" as television sets and air conditioners, and if the circulation of the SCHOLAR were quadrupled both I and the now unemployed young writer could have jobs. No doubt it is easier to "capture and create a public will" demanding television sets than it would be to create a corresponding demand for the SCHOLAR. But we—and I mean the all-important "planners"—might at least try.

I do not ordinarily read the studies prepared by the Rand Corporation, but I recently opened my eyes wide when I came upon a quotation from its study of highway fatalities. One must remember, so the author said, that a certain number of traffic deaths is *desirable*. I gulped and read on. They are desirable because if they did not occur this would be proof that we were not taking full advantage of the potentialities for speed offered by the automobile.

After I had allowed this to sink in and conquered my impulse to say "What non-

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sense," I began to wonder just what it was that had aroused my indignation and whether it was, after all, justified. True, there is something cold-blooded about the author's argument, but then science is supposed to be cold-blooded. Did I really refuse to believe what he was saying? Translated from the words which seemed intended to shock, what he was saying is, perhaps, simply that (for both society and the individual) wisdom consists neither in living as dangerously as one can nor in being so cautious that one scarcely dares to live at all. And what is shocking or even new about that? Be bold, be bold, be evermore bold . . . but be not *too* bold. Or, as I believe Aristotle said, seek neither of two possible extremes but rather a Golden Mean. And don't, as an American sage added, pay too much for your whistle.

But why, after coming to this conclusion, did I continue to be both derisive and irritated in the presence of the scientist's report? I think it was because its portentous air was intended to convince us that this statement was much more scientific (also much more specific) than it is. The Golden Mean may seem vague and hard to define. Here on the contrary is what pretends to be a scientific rather than a merely humanistic approach to a specific case of the general problem. But for all the paraphernalia it comes down in the end to the same thing, namely, the scientist's own subjective feeling that so much and no more is a reasonable price to pay for the privilege of moving fast from one place to another.

In other words I came back to one of my recurrent objections to so much of what is called social science. It promises an escape from those arbitrary and subjective judgments that cannot be verified. It claims the authority of the demonstrated and proved. But at some crucial point it hastily makes a judgment quite as arbitrary and subjective as any it is proposing to discard. Say that the Golden Mean is wise while driving an automobile or while doing anything else and you are a mere humanist. Talk sagely about "the optimum number of deaths in a given traffic situation" and you are a scientist. But the only real difference is one of vocabulary; and "Golden Mean" is more attractive to at least some of us than Optimum Number.

Perhaps I should have cast my proposal for the encouragement of nonproductive labor in Rand Corporation style, but I am not quite up to it. I do have, however, two other modest proposals—one relating to education and the other to population control.

As far as education (or rather schooling) is concerned the most obvious problem, so I gather, is created by the simple brute fact that it has become increasingly difficult to provide a sufficient number of teachers and classrooms to accommodate what convention calls "students." One might be led by this to suppose that most young people of today have an overmastering passion for learning. Undoubtedly some of them have. But we are so far from believing this to be true of the majority that we first make the elementary and high school classes compulsory and then devise the most fantastic methods for inducing those who have no interest in further education to spend four more years in college.

Listen to the complaints of the president and regents of almost any state university. Their classrooms are jammed, their dormitories overflowing and their teachers so burdened that they must sometimes lecture over a closed-circuit television system and reduce examinations to multiple-choice questions graded by a machine.

Yet these same presidents and regents offer scholarships to conspicuously nonintellectual athletes so that the football team will be good enough to attract other "students" who would not come to college at all if ball games and other entertainments were not promised them. Then, to keep these same "students" in the overcrowded classrooms, they offer them "life adjustment" courses, which may include "Beginning Bowling" and "Square Dance Calling" (Michigan State University) or, for graduate students, seminars in which they write theses on "A Study of Little League Base-

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ball and Its Educational Implications" (Teachers College, Columbia University). My own guess is that if colleges offered prospective students nothing but learning, the "problem" would soon be, not how to enlarge "the plant," but what use to make of the many empty classrooms and what employment to find for the present supply of teachers.

Although going to college should be a privilege rather than an inalienable right, I would not make that privilege dependent exclusively on I.Q., but rather, to a considerable extent, upon the strength of the desire for education as demonstrated by the willingness to do real work in connection with some real subject either intellectual, professional or trade, and I would not include "Beginning Bowling" or "Square Dance Calling" in any of these categories. As far as secondary education is concerned, I would weigh even more heavily the desire to learn because interest and determination can do wonders and the race is not always to the most gifted. But I do suggest that even high school may not be a right for all dull adolescents who have no interests in learning anything except, perhaps, beginning bowling.

The other problem to be disposed of is population control. Even those most thoroughly convinced of its supreme importance are sometimes aware that legalized birth control is not a complete answer for the simple reason that many people actually want and are determined to have more children than the world needs. Harrison Brown's book, *The Challenge of Man's Future,* which is one of the most thorough, documented and terrifying expositions of the situation, ends in something like despair. The author does not see how the birth rate can be controlled adequately without laws that would make it a criminal offense to have a greater number of children than the state believes desirable at the moment. Yet he doubts that such a drastic step in the direction of the police state is to be recommended or that modern man would accept it.

Has he considered the fact that although we probably would resist the regulation by criminal law of what we regard as our private lives, we have become more and more accustomed to being ruled, not by command and prohibition, but by taxation and subsidy? It would not be necessary to make too exuberant reproduction a crime; it would be quite sufficient to make it economically burdensome. We allow tax exemptions for minor children. Why not reverse the law to give exemptions for, say, the first two, no exemption for the third, and then impose a tax on more than three? We now require and subsidize schooling. We might still require it for all children but make it free or partly free for only three.

I would not like the job of lobbying for such legislation, but then, like the Rand Corporation, I am merely analyzing a situation and can leave political strategy to others.

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..... *The Revolving Bookstand* .....

The Not-So-Happy Medium

EDWARD T. CONE

THE JOY OF MUSIC. By Leonard Bernstein. *Simon and Schuster, $5.95.*

LEONARD BERNSTEIN, a Biography for Young People. By David Ewen. *Chilton, $3.50.*

It should have been obvious to everyone after the "Checkers" telecast that the Republicans were going to win the election of 1952. It should have been equally obvious after the first of the television debates during the recent campaign that Kennedy would give Nixon a good run for his money. Now, it would be too much to say that by the same token Leonard Bernstein, by virtue of his appearances on *Omnibus,* became the logical choice as the next conductor of the New York Philharmonic; but it was certainly to be foreseen that his book, published shortly after his television programs, would become a best-seller. I mean to imply no denigration of Messrs. Nixon and Kennedy, who are both able politicians, or of Mr. Bernstein, who is a gifted and versatile musician. But a brilliant public image, projected on television screens across the country, affords a surer foundation of popular success than solid accomplishment does; and the latter is of little use without the former.

In the case of the election of public officials, television only aggravates a condition that is probably the inescapable concomitant of democratic procedures. What is new is the disheartening extent to which the mass media of communication are now applying the principles of popular sovereignty, with the consequent superficial criteria of glamor and personal charm, to the fields of art and culture. A new cult of personality, comparable to the star system that ruined Hollywood as a potential artistic center, is clearly discernible in music, in literature, in the plastic arts, in the sciences, even in academic scholarship. The results can only be disastrous—immediately for those who suffer by personal contact with the system, in the long run for the country as a whole.

The Joy of Music is a case in point, a small but significant example that indicates what can happen when artist and audience are encouraged to accept these spurious standards. A musician of universally and justly acclaimed ability has written a book on his art for the general public. It has evidently been enthusiastically received by a wide circle of readers. Who are these readers, what can they expect to find here and what do they find? As background, let us look briefly at the context of other popular books on the subject into which Mr. Bernstein's must fit.

Most books on music for the layman can be given one of three titles: *Colorful Tales of the Great Composers, A History of Music for the Average Man* and *How You Ought to Listen to Music but Probably Never Will.* Examples of the first range from sugary stories of little Wolfgang and his sister, specially prepared for the juvenile market, through respectably dull rehashes of gener-

EDWARD T. CONE is a composer, pianist and teacher. He is a professor in the department of music at Princeton University, where he teaches theory, composition and introductory courses for non-musicians. His compositions include works for orchestra, chorus and chamber groups.

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ally available biographical material, to sensational revelations about the pathogenesis of Beethoven's deafness and the contents of Tchaikovsky's diaries. It requires no musical knowledge to write such books, and even less to read them. They are less common than they used to be, probably because the historical approach indicated by the second title is now considered more sophisticated. Books in the second category are, in fact, sometimes written by established authorities and may even include contributions to scholarship. But unfortunately the better they are, the more musical knowledge they require of the reader, who is therefore likely to try one of the more popular histories that couple Beethoven with the French Revolution and tell How He Freed Music.

Or he may turn to one of the "How to Listen" books in the third group. Here he will be confronted by a choice between the easy simplifications of the masculine-first-theme-versus-feminine-second-theme school of popularizers and the serious attempts of dedicated musicians to explain as best they can in nontechnical terms what their art is about. Again, the better the books, the more they demand of the reader, both in previous knowledge and in intellectual effort. As a result, it is not easy to determine exactly toward whom any such essay is directed. It is almost impossible to avoid hazy generalizations without the introduction of musical notation, but the use of notation presupposes on the part of the reader some of the knowledge that the book is presumably designed to impart. Consequently most of the useful books in this class are textbooks, either frankly or covertly.

At first glance *The Joy of Music* seems to rest, somewhat uneasily, in the third group, although it is in no sense whatsoever a textbook. From the eye-catching dust jacket through the section of photographs to the pale lavender end papers it is a slick and expensive job whose general make-up exudes a charm and good humor far from chalk and blackboard. For whom then is the book intended? Assuming that it is for the layman, one can still wonder whether it is for the musical ignoramus who wants to be initiated into the unknown, for the illiterate enthusiast who wants to understand what he already likes, for the former piano student who wishes he had kept up his music, or for the cultivated listener who is looking for serious critical discussion. The dust jacket would lead one to assume the first two, since it describes the author as "America's music teacher, introducing millions to the meaning and joy of music." The numerous photographs, sketches, diagrams and musical examples "have been prepared so that even the layman who cannot read a note of music will learn *The Joy of Music.*" It is hard to see how the musical examples will help the illiterate—maybe that phrase slipped in by mistake. But no: "*The Joy of Music* contains hundreds of musical examples that were performed on television; even those who cannot read music will be able to follow them by reading the accompanying text." Just how this is to be done is never made clear; but at any rate, "for those who wish, the musical examples have been arranged so that they can be played on the piano." So the book is aimed at a wider public that, one gathers from inspection of the text, includes those who can read extracts from Berg's "Lyric Suite" in piano reduction and from "The Art of Fugue" in open score.

Perhaps the introductory essay, "The Happy Medium," will offer a better clue to the author's intentions. One might suspect the title of being a punning reference to the art of music, or perhaps to television, or even, if the word is to be taken in still another sense, to "America's music teacher" himself. The phrase actually refers to Mr. Bernstein's desire to find a way of explaining music to the public that is "somewhere between the music-appreciation racket and purely technical discussion." It is true that "there are writers in the learned journals who make sense, but only to other musicians, or to the cultivated amateur. The musical layman is harder put to find intelligent talk about music." This, then, is the author's ideal reader: the intelligent layman, who is to be distinguished from both the professional and the "cultivated amateur." Later on, during the chapter on jazz, a remark about "the major scale you all

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practised as kids" suggests that this layman belongs to the third type of reader listed above (those with a modicum of musical education). This should not be taken too seriously, though, for other chapters contain detailed explanations of key and meter, concepts usually discussed during the earliest stages of study. Apparently only readers of the fourth type (the cultivated listeners) are to be discouraged, even though they may include those best equipped to cope with the musical examples.

Since we are now in the heart of the volume, it is time to look at it more systematically. Its contents should definitively resolve the question of readership. Aside from the introduction and the section of photographs, they consist of three "Imaginary Conversations"—essays in dialogue form—and "Seven *Omnibus* Television Scripts," separated by an "Interlude" entitled "Upper Dubbing, Calif."—an account of the author's experiences in composing the music for a Hollywood film.

The subjects of the "Conversations" move from Beethoven to Gershwin, from the meaning of musical meaning to the importance of musical theater. They are full of a jocularity that seems more forced than it need be in order to sugar-coat the messages conveyed, which range from the unexceptionable statement that most musicians think of music in purely musical terms, to the highly questionable implication that the Broadway show is the most significant form of musical expression in America today. Beethoven and Gershwin come out almost equally well, since both are found to be very, very great; actually, Gershwin seems to be Beethoven's superior as a melodist. While such opinions are likely to encounter wide approval, especially among the musically uneducated, it is improbable that many readers, except the musically trained, will be able to follow, much less criticize, the arguments that lead up to them. An intelligent reading of the first dialogue, "Why Beethoven?" would require familiarity with the Third, Fifth, Seventh and Ninth Symphonies, as well as the A minor Quartet. One would need a much wider acquaintance with Beethoven's works and some knowledge of harmony and orchestration to realize that the author is using loaded examples and that, while his conclusion may be correct, his reasoning is faulty. The reader who is impressed by the argument in "Whatever Happened to That Great American Symphony?" because it justifies his admiration for Rodgers and Hammerstein is probably in no position to analyze the meaning of such statements as: "Our secular music is just about where German music was fifty years before Mozart," and: "The whole notion of symphonic form is a German notion." And the Gershwin-lover will be so delighted at finding his idol ranked with Schubert and Tchaikovsky that he will not stop to ask whether Schubert and Tchaikovsky are properly coupled in the first place.

For these reasons the first section of the book, far from settling the question of intention, rather complicates it. What of the television scripts that constitute most of the remainder, and about three fourths of the entire volume? As shows they were specifically designed for an untutored audience. As chapters in a book they present the previously mentioned difficulty of musical notation, but their orientation is still clear. Unlike the "Conversations," which presuppose some familiarity with the subjects discussed, these take as little as possible for granted and attempt to explain every step. Tonality is compared to a baseball diamond; the chorale prelude, to an island-studded river. The way to beat simple meters is carefully spelled out. The sophisticated may smile condescendingly at these devices, but they are undoubtedly useful and effective for the beginner. It is also comforting for the tyro to encounter a musician who is not afraid to discuss the expressive communication of his art. In his introduction Mr. Bernstein seemed to consider what he called "affective-reactive meanings such as triumph, pain, wistfulness, regret, cheerfulness, melancholy, apprehension," out of place in serious musical discussion; and he expounded this purist point of view in greater detail in "What Do You Mean, Meaning?" (the second of the "Conversations"). Now, with an inconsistency that is no doubt wel-

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come to many of his less musical readers, he is willing to speak of the opening of Brahms's First Symphony as "dramatic, tense, straining, suffering, doom-ridden," and of a Beethoven sketch as containing "pain . . . and mystery, and a sense of eruption."

Going over the scripts on the printed page, one can still see why they were so effective in performance. Unfortunately one can see something else: that they should never have been allowed to appear between covers. Lacking the warm personality and the showmanship of the author, subjected to the cold eye of the critic, they reveal ambiguities, lapses of taste and downright inaccuracies, that, doubtfully pardonable in the context of an ephemeral performance, are inexcusable in permanent form.

The telescript on Beethoven's Fifth Symphony is intended to show that Beethoven, more than any other composer, could "convey a sense of *rightness,* a sense that whatever note succeeds the last is the only possible note that can happen at that precise instant." The demonstration employs the novel and interesting method of attempting to fit the composer's own tentative sketches into the final version of the first movement. The conclusion in every case is that the composer's decision to discard the sketches was correct. It is undeniable that such a procedure, if used fairly, could lead to valuable insights into Beethoven's technique. Is it used fairly here? We are told that Beethoven "had for three years been filling notebooks with sketches," but we are given no clue as to what stages in this long development the fragments offered to us represent. It is trivially obvious that measures jotted down as a preliminary, tentative idea will no longer be appropriate to the finished composition; a valid demonstration must show rather that a given sketch was intended to occupy an actual spot in the work as it approached its final state. Mr. Bernstein is content with supposition: "My guess is that he would have used it somewhere in this passage." His guess is certainly wrong in at least one case. In others, the results deny to the sketches whatever merit they have, since the joints have been effected without regard for phrase rhythm. When the comparisons are made between the hypothetical and actual versions, they are couched in such generalities as, "It has logic, and it builds. But the version that Beethoven finally did use has so much more logic, and builds with so much more ferocity and shock, that there is no comparison." In the absence of any explanation of how a passage can have logic or build with shock, such a statement is equally meaningless to the trained musician and to the eager beginner. The conclusion, then, that "one note follows another inevitably" must be taken on faith, a faith that is somewhat shaken when an examination of the printed example of the end of the movement, characterized as "right as rain," discloses an extra measure that Beethoven never wrote.

The lecture on Bach, by contrast, fulfills a simpler aim with greater success: to infect its audience with some of the enthusiasm the author feels for his subject. True, it contains its inaccuracies: its definition of a chorale prelude is inadequate, and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring," cited in this context as an organ prelude, is actually for chorus and orchestra. It emphasizes questionable points, such as Bach's interest in numerology, at best a peripheral issue that has no business in a presentation of this kind. On the whole, however, something of the wonder and the reverence the music-lover feels before the *St. Matthew Passion* comes through, and that is the important thing. Still more would transpire if the language tried to match the subject in seriousness. As it is, the words are constantly undercutting by their tone what they are building up by their purport. "BACH! A colossal syllable, one which makes composers tremble, brings performers to their knees, beatifies the Bach-lover, and apparently bores the daylights out of everyone else." The style of this initial sentence is matched only by a later reference to "the *Saint Matthew Passion,* that glorious work that started me off on my own private passion for Bach," but less egregious examples abound.

Bad taste also mars the chapter on contemporary music, a subject that, belonging

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peculiarly to the composer, one would expect him to approach with tenderness and care. Instead, a gross oversimplification holds up the picture of "modern music divided into two camps, tonal and atonal, with Stravinsky and Schoenberg as the top heap-big chiefs." It is obvious in which camp Mr. Bernstein's sympathies lie, and he is certainly entitled to them; but this is no excuse for his repeating the time-dishonored view that although Schoenberg invented the twelve-tone system, "it remained for Schoenberg's great disciple Alban Berg to . . . humanize it." Some of the technical discussions imply that valid modern music can be created by simple distortion: by giving a classical melody an asymmetrical meter, or by playing the accompaniment in a different key. The level of accuracy is lowered still further by inadequate definitions of such fairly precise terms as dissonance and electronic music. A footnote on the latter contributes a sentence that typifies only too well the tone of the entire discussion: "It can sound pretty spooky."

At this point one is likely to conclude that *The Joy of Music* is not a book at all, but merely the concatenation of a few occasional essays with a series of highly informal telecasts, a conglomeration marked by disparity of style, content and purpose. Such a conclusion, I think, would be wrong. There is a way to read this book as a book, and an interesting one at that. It is suggested by Edmund Wilson's amusing review of Emily Post's *Etiquette*, which he insists must be read as a novel. *The Joy of Music* may have its fictional aspects, too, but it is better approached as a semiautobiographical confession—as the revelation of a personality. As such the book immediately assumes a unity, a style, a purpose, regardless of whether or not the character who comes to life in its pages is in every respect identical with the Leonard Bernstein who is responsible for him.

The photographs, from those on the dust jacket to those that make up the central section, should have revealed the truth at the outset. There are none of Bach, or Beethoven, or Gershwin, or any other of the ostensible subjects; they are all of Leonard Bernstein—or L. B., as he regularly refers to himself in these pages. Playing the piano, at the blackboard, conducting—he is constantly in action (usually with an unruly lock hanging down his forehead). There are thirteen pictures taken during the performance of the *Passion*. One of these includes chorus and orchestra; the rest are of L. B., virtually alone. One receives the impression of an engaging and mercurial extrovert with a remarkable sense of theatrical gesture, an impression confirmed by rereading the book from the new point of view.

We first encounter L. B. on a cross-country automobile trip, entertaining his companions along the way by arguing about musical aesthetics. He uses admittedly unfair tactics now and then to score a point, and he is obviously more interested in forceful statement than in careful analysis. He is a good sport, though, for later on when faulty reasoning on shaky premises is turned against him, he accepts the conclusions with good grace. This occurs during an exchange of letters with a producer, who ultimately persuades him to give up his projected symphony in favor of a Broadway musical. L. B.'s heart is evidently not in the symphony, else he would not submit to arguments he knows are flimsy. Broadway and Hollywood attract him; we hear of a successful show and of film music, but no more of composition for the concert hall.

By the time that L. B. turns to television he is willing to agree that the worlds of jazz and musical comedy are as important as those of the classical masters and what he loosely calls "grand opera." He has accepted wholeheartedly the arguments of the Broadway producer and sees our musical theater as waiting in readiness for a latter-day Mozart. Can it be L. B. himself? Perhaps, although he is too modest to say so. At the moment he has little time for composition of any kind and is more interested in conducting. In his exposition of the art of the orchestra leader the note of personal involvement sounds clearer than it has at any time since those discussions of Beethoven among the hills of New Mexico: "He must make the orchestra love the music as he loves it. . . . And when this happens . . .

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there is a human identity of feeling that has no equal elsewhere. It is the closest thing I know to love itself."

A personality certainly emerges from these pages. The L. B. presented here is a man of energy and enthusiasm, both a versatile musician and a magnetic showman. But the enthusiastic versatility, unchecked, has resulted in a loss of discrimination; the energy and the magnetism have brought the showmanship close to exhibitionism. L. B.'s public image seems to have become more important to him than the fulfillment of his own gifts. The television lectures project that image with clarity; and although it is certain to please many, others will regretfully wonder whether it has not been achieved at the expense of "That Great American Symphony."

The hypothesis that *The Joy of Music* is primarily a self-portrait is substantiated by the discovery that its author, not yet forty-five and presumably with the more important phases of his career ahead, is already the subject of another study. David Ewen has recently added *Leonard Bernstein, a Biography for Young People,* to a series that includes the lives of Berlin, Gershwin, Haydn, Kern and Toscanini. The fact that the book is designed for a juvenile audience attests its subject's status as a model for emulation, and its tone indicates that one of its aims is to arouse hero worship among its readers. The resulting style is by turns bland and cloying; but the book is nevertheless illuminating as a picture of the same model from a different perspective.

Lenny ("All those who knew him socially or professionally spoke of him naturally as 'Lenny' . . .") appears first as a young genius directly in the classical line. Like Mozart, he betrays his talent by his extreme sensitivity to music: "He was about eight years old when his father took him one Saturday morning to the local synagogue, where the music of the organ and the choir made the boy burst into tears." His family discovers him, like Handel, at the keyboard at night: "His sister, Shirley, recalls more than one evening during her childhood when she was kept awake by the sounds of Lenny's musical tinkerings. Late one night the entire family was awakened by the piano." Like Schumann, he is opposed by a well-meaning but misguided parent: "The father tried argument, persuasion, entreaty, orders, and anger to deflect Lenny from his music." Like Wagner, he suffers in his early attempts at a professional career: "In those grim days he finally became convinced that there was no future for him as a musician." But in Lenny's case the turning point that confirms his musical career and promises future success arrives early: "Rodzinski suddenly turned to Bernstein and asked: 'How would you like to be assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic next season?' "

This is the turning point of the book, too. From now on it is the success story and profile of a matinee idol. The high point, of course, is the historic concert at which Lenny substitutes for the ill Bruno Walter: "All that mattered to him now was the music itself—as he was shaping and carving it with his beautifully articulated, batonless hands." After this, the account of his attainment of the full directorship of the New York Philharmonic comes as an anticlimax, and the reader senses that it is something of an anticlimax for Lenny as well. It is here that one begins to recognize the restless L. B., shifting from symphony to musical comedy, from Beethoven to Berlin, from composing to conducting. Ewen cannot help expressing his anxiety from time to time in the repeated phrase, "Whither Lenny?", even though "like all true genius before him, Bernstein can go only where his overwhelming drives lead him."

In spite of a few such nagging doubts, the author's attitude is one of wholehearted admiration. The Lenny of 1944 is described as "physically well developed, with powerful shoulders and the chest of an athlete. His handsome leonine face combined strength and sensitivity. . . . He looked younger than his years, but there were many things about him that were adult and mature. His attitude to his work, art, and career was from the beginning both sober and professional. He had a fierce, intransigent integrity which refused to tolerate sham or hypocrisy of any kind, however expedient it might have been

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for him at any given moment to make compromises. His intelligence was expansive and penetrating." The Lenny of 1960 is compared to Beethoven, Wagner and Delius; like them he is a genius and "must create the rules by which he can best function."

Whether one finds Ewen's tritely written effusions fulsome or merely naïve, one cannot fail to realize that they are a response to a demand on the part of a public that is less interested in music than in the sensational personalities of those that produce it. Like the movie magazines, it is fan literature; its audience differs in orientation but not in kind. Unfortunately, I am forced to the conclusion that *The Joy of Music* primarily reaches the same audience. Its success is due less to what Mr. Bernstein says than to what he is. The charming manner and engaging approach, ostensibly assumed for the purpose of facilitating the instruction, are for most of his readers the real content of the book. For them the instruction serves as a means of getting closer to a popular hero. If this is the kind of reading Mr. Bernstein wanted, he has been unjust to his own gifts; if it is not, he has been misled by his own success. In either case he is a victim of a constantly growing cult of personality that encourages the substitution of showmanship for workmanship and that prizes good publicity above solid accomplishment.

There is always danger that a figure of recognized competence may gradually lower his own standards to the level of the superficial values of his admirers—values he then implicitly or explicitly supports by his own authority. There are incontrovertible signs of such a declension in *The Joy of Music*. Its approach is less that of a musician than of a public relations expert determined to sell music as a spectator sport. Not once is it suggested that the surest way to enjoy music is to work at it. Mr. Bernstein certainly knows that even at an elementary level the experiences of manipulating notes in a harmony exercise, of training the ear through sight singing, of co-ordinating music with muscle through an instrument, not only are satisfying in themselves but lead in turn to greater pleasure in listening. The best listener is the one who, to the extent of his ability and training, imaginatively takes part in the performance he is following. Only in this way can he avoid becoming a passive spectator who asks only to be soothed on the one hand or excited on the other.

Once, in connection with the discussion of cool jazz, Mr. Bernstein indicates his awareness of the increasing passiveness of our relation to music: "The emphasis is on listening these days, instead of on singing and dancing. This change had to happen. For one thing, the tremendous development of the recording industry has taught us to listen in a way we never did before. But even more significant, with the advent of more complicated swing and jazz like Boogie-Woogie and Bop, our interest has shifted to the music itself and to the virtuosity of its performance. . . . You have to listen as hard as you can to hear what's happening." It is true that we now "listen in a way we never did before," for listening now requires a minimum of effort. Just as it is easier to watch a movie than to follow a stage play, and easier still to stay at home and look at television, so we can now hear the music we like in the comfort of our homes with no expenditure of energy; and what is cheaply bought is little prized. It is true of the best music in any style that "you have to listen as hard as you can," but fewer and fewer are willing to exert themselves. Mr Bernstein has rightly remarked a shift of interest, but his sentence should be recast: "Our interest has shifted away from the music; only the virtuosity of its performance and the fascination of its star performers can hold our attention now."

If the public is unwilling to expend the effort involved in playing or singing or even good hard listening, if its greatest musical pleasure is derived from the sensational personality of the latest virtuoso of keyboard or baton, its stake in the art is small indeed. The real joy of music lies in some kind of participation, but Mr. Bernstein offers us only the fun of being entertained. It is this point of view that enables him to consider all music as essentially one, whether sym-

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phony or jazz, opera or musical comedy. The same question is to be asked of each: is it good entertainment?

As a result we find one of the foremost molders of musical opinion in this country suggesting that the future of American music lies in jazz rather than in "personalized imitations of the European symphonic tradition," that composers who use exciting new sonorities, textures and rhythms, don't "have to resort to the twelve-tone system," that the slick confections of Rodgers and Hammerstein are preferable to the unpretentious comedies of the twenties. Bach and cool jazz are difficult, yes: "Whoever said that music had to be easy to be beautiful?" But don't worry: "Music is something terribly special. It doesn't have to pass through the censor of the brain before it can reach the heart; it goes directly to the heart." All the work has been done for us, by composers and performers and teachers. All that the rest of us have to do is to enjoy it.

Brief Comments

THE COST OF FREEDOM: A New Look at Capitalism. By Henry C. Wallich. *Harper. $3.75.*

The John Kenneth Galbraith Cup for style, clarity, and cogency in economics should pass for a while now to Henry Wallich. Professor Galbraith will resist, for Professor Wallich has been unkind to some of the Galbraithian wisdom that has lately become conventional. But so is he unkind to conventional conservative wisdom, and to both in the kindest way.

Professor Wallich, on leave from Yale University as a member of President Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers when he wrote this book, describes himself as a "modern conservative." He is somewhere right of left and left of right, and he is bothered by more than whether we are spending too much for "frills" or whether we are capitulating to the trade union juggernaut.

This professor espouses freedom for freedom's sake. He does not argue that a free economy is a more productive economy, nor that it will best fill our "needs." A free economy may be a less productive economy. That is "the cost of freedom," and worth it, says Professor Wallich. He can say so without being complacent because he believes that the free system will be productive enough, provided that there are strong incentives (other than exorbitant salaries) and that we do not bog ourselves down in quest of mass equalization.

The apparent flaws in his presentation are his overstatements of some of the positions he opposes, but that is a pardonable sin in this game. The book has two compelling virtues. It is a delight to follow his assaults on common belief: how well we bear up under our "unbearable" taxes, for instance. And his turn of phrase makes light of the stuff that most economists can only make dismal: "The economy is bound to perform better where jobs are assigned by the merit system—to each according to his capacity—and not by nepotism—to each according to his uncle."

RICHARD E. MOONEY

BASIC VALUES OF WESTERN CIVILIZATION. By Shepard B. Clough. *Columbia University Press. $3.00.*

Something in the values of our society is turning our best economists into philosophers: Rostow and Galbraith, for instance. Now Shepard Clough of Columbia, an economic historian, seeks our basic values. He readily admits the extreme difficulty of stating them. The problem is really one of the relation among values and the priorities we assign them. Clough concludes that the struggle to attain the highest values is eternal, but worth-while. The scholar's quest to make these values plain is surely a part of that struggle.

Had he waited a bit, Mr. Clough could have cited the President's Commission on Goals for support, in putting at the center the freedom and dignity of the individual and his chance for development. Both see democracy as the process to realize the human aspirations for a good society—peace,

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order, justice and the equitable use of material resources for the enlargement of life and its meaning. These are words, and the questing scholar soon runs into the poets' problem of stating the words men live by. Bryant's word was *earnest*, Emerson's *self-reliance*, Frost's *purpose*. These are words for individual ends.

Clough believes that the end of man is man. He explores then the social dynamics man selects and supports to this end. The words he adds include institutions, religion, welfare, knowledge, aesthetics, sacrifice and, especially, progress. Our welcoming change as a chance for improvement spells optimism as a basic trait. Our institutions aim at the greater good of the greater number. The general welfare puts utility ahead of beauty, but only as a means. Clough's system sputters a little at our failure always to practice what we preach. The struggle for material gains accounts for serious lapses from the Golden Rule. The corruption of the value of nationalism bars us from the most essential values of peace and world order. Significantly, the book is dedicated to Paul Henri Spaak.

By happy chance this is a small book, eight essays in 130 pages. It was meant to be larger but expected resources failed. This has made it more succinct, direct and plain, so easier for more people to take. Nothing in its purposeful effort at system denies Robert Frost's joy in "How happily instinctive we remain."

LOUIS M. LYONS

HUMAN NATURE AND THE HUMAN CONDITION. By Joseph Wood Krutch. *Random House. $3.95.*

Readers of the department "If You Don't Mind My Saying So" in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR will be familiar with many of the ideas in this book. Mr. Krutch argues for the validity of value judgments and against the dominant trend toward relativism. He sees modern man hypnotized everywhere by a drive for wealth and power. He concludes that our present human condition disregards human nature and that it requires a major inquiry.

It is one of the strengths of the book that one does not have to accept the validity of all of the evidence or of all the author's supplementary propositions to accept the central proposition. There is truth in the not-so-recent phrase, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." This is the American Way, and we are moving along it at a faster and faster run. What is the goal?

One may disagree with the evidence when Mr. Krutch says that college professors are too small a group to "count in the calculations of the planners." This idea seems recently outdated. The status of college professors continues to go up day by day, and their new salaries put them economically in the class of the "conspicuous consumers." But are the professors being paid for conspicuous consumption?

In some quarters there has been a half-expressed assumption that the "condition called prosperity" if widely spread would create infinite possibilities for cultural development. Mr. Krutch gives the assumption small attention, but he is obviously addressing his remarks to the best educated (especially in the humanities). A search for national purpose is long overdue. And who are prepared to do the job if not the professors?

PAUL BIXLER

SCIENCE PONDERS RELIGION. Edited by Harlow Shapley. *Appleton - Century - Crofts. $5.00.*

The conflict of religion and science is really the conflict of some theologians and some scientists. It would be wise if a few leading scientists with an interest in religion would sit down in some restful spot and listen to carefully prepared papers where agreements and divergences between scientific theory and religious forms can be stated in a way that relates them sympathetically to each other. This has been achieved on Star Island off the Maine shore. Some two hundred have met for week-long summer meetings over many summers and they have meditated on the nature of man and his beliefs. They have contemplated man's place in the world and the world's meaning to man.

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This volume is a delightful presentation of nearly twenty of these papers. Harlow Shapley begins with the vision of the new astronomy and the light it must cast on the new ethics, if mankind is to survive the atomic age. A score deal with the ideas of creation and evolution, the natural and the supernatural, man and God, scientific and religious truth, imagination and revelation, Darwin and religion, faith and the teaching of science, poetry and theology.

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RABBI NORMAN GERSTENFELD

POLITICS AND THE ARTS: Letter to M. D'Alembert on the Theatre. By Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Translated by Allan Bloom. *Free Press. $4.00.*

This careful translation is an effort to revive interest in a neglected work of Rousseau, a moral polemic condemning drama as a mode of public entertainment. Written in 1758, the letter was a spirited response to D'Alembert's article in *L'Encyclopédie* suggesting that Geneva establish a theater.

Bloom's systematic and thoughtful analysis of Rousseau's arguments and their intellectual background provides an illuminating way into the essay, but the editor's charitable objectivity may not be shared by many of his readers. Rousseau views the function of the theater as one of moral utility and attacks drama, in part, for affording a "taste for luxury, adornment, and dissipation." But like all those who propose literary censorship, Rousseau assumes drama to have a greater effect upon moral conduct than can fairly be attributed to it. Rousseau, the public citizen, seems undisturbed by the paradox of a brilliant man of letters and philosopher passionately committed to destroying one of the greatest literary forms in the name of civic virtue.

For Rousseau, Sparta stands as the ideal political community, the classical example of frugality, prudence and morality, and he asserts that "it was by the violence of the theatre that Athens was lost." If so, then perhaps we should prefer to take our stand with Robert Frost when he says he would rather perish with Athens than live with Sparta.

PAUL M. CUBETA

THE CREATIVE MIND AND METHOD. Edited by Jack D. Summerfield and Lorlyn Thatcher, with commentary by Lyman Bryson. *University of Texas Press. $3.00.*

Two things must be said at the outset about this volume. First, it demands comparison with Brewster Ghiselin's superbly edited *The Creative Process*, although the present collection goes beyond it by including more fields of creativity—notably, and rightly, in the sciences. Second, and this is most damaging, this is a little book trying to do a big job. This serious limitation springs from the nature of the book itself, for what we have here is a collection of fifteen essays based on a series of thirty-minute radio interviews sandwiched between two symposiums, "Man the Creator" and "The Conditions for Creativity." The aim is to discover what is truly "creative" and what conditions are prerequisite to the creative culture.

No one can quarrel with the selection of experts; they are all capable of being spokesmen for their fields of creativity. Agnes de Mille is evocative and helpful in discussing the dance, as is Ben Shahn on painting and Harlow Shapley on theoretical science. Frank Lloyd Wright is witty and autobiographical. On the other hand, Robert Penn Warren seems embarrassed by his assignment and resorts to a colloquial chattiness (Hawthorne's novels are "mighty nice books"); Allen Tate, predictably, quotes T. S. Eliot; and Edward Steichen is disappointingly general. Yet, even though one does not always get new insights into the process of creativity, there are interesting bits to pick up along the way. For example, Aaron Copland relates how he came to write "Rodeo," and Norman Cousins tells his side of the Lindbergh-Ciardi tempest in an inkwell.

The editors readily concede that they

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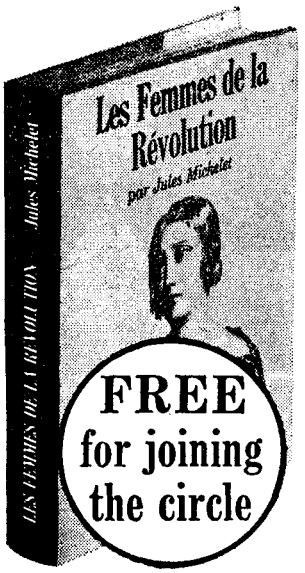

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have not answered the riddle of creativity. Mr. Bryson concludes that the creator must have freedom and, at the same time, self-imposed discipline; and that "whatever is creative must come out of the experience of the creator." If these sound like commonplaces—well, they are. Perhaps in our time they need repeating.

GUY OWEN

THE AMERICAN IMAGINATION: A Critical Survey of the Arts from The Times Literary Supplement. With a Foreword by Alan Pryce-Jones. *Atheneum. $4.50.*

This is the London *Times Literary Supplement's* highly praised special number devoted to the American imagination, now between hard covers. In the new form it becomes increasingly evident that, more than simply discussing wittily a range of activities from literature to movies, from architecture to religion, these essays offer, collectively, an unparalleled opportunity for Americans to get a fresh squint at themselves. "A national imagination is a fundamental thing," Alan Pryce-Jones says in his perceptive introduction. "In the case of America, it is not anything like as close-knit as the imagination of a European civilizaton."

By focusing upon imagination, the TLS's anonymous contributors, with the objectivity of outsiders, are able to perform a sort of Rorschach test on certain American-created products which, *as* works of the imagination, must perforce allow revelation to sneak past through those loose meshes. Observation after observation will jolt readers on this side of the Atlantic: "Americans are never tired of insisting that Hollywood is not America . . . but . . . a sizeable proportion of Hollywood imported films are marked not only 'Made in America' but 'Made in Official America' "; "The American educational system must be even more wasteful than our own, promoting to colleges boys and girls we should condemn to Secondary Modern schools"; "America is attracted to Art as long as it is speculative or negotiable, but a performing art [ballet] which has no financial return—well, what's the use of it if you can't use it?"; "The white man's idea of a Negro, often operating below the level of consciousness, stands for freedom"; "An unceasing, nationwide, solemn-eyed activity which every American has learnt to regard as sacred and indispensable: research."

Even such snatches demonstrate that an English critic is no freer than anybody else from the sin of generalization, and that in viewing the American imagination the British imagination was, perhaps necessarily, brought into play. But instead of our always protesting, as a nation, how much we would like to see ourselves as others see us, and then in the event displaying only hurt feelings, we might for once simply accept this book as a gift of the gods.

NANCY HALE

MUSIC AS METAPHOR: The Elements of Expression. By Donald N. Ferguson. *University of Minnesota Press. $4.75.*

Why are we aware that the music we know has certain features, features which give it a shape and recognition? These features are part of a variety of musical experiences—the composer's, the performer's, our own. They are the stuff of musical meaning, too, because our comprehension of them, that is, their meaning to us, grows out of our experience with them. Professor Ferguson's careful study of musical expression not only presents a close delineation of its elements, but also demonstrates how a great composer's understanding of these elements endows his work with a characteristic aural image—that synthesis of factors which the ear grasps. Motion and tone stress form the focus of Professor Ferguson's discussion; from these he evolves an approach to the meaning of the bar line, the melodic curve, dynamics, dissonance treatment, the gamut of relevant factors of musicality. Professor Ferguson's arguments are always wrought in the music; delightfully, his book is completely free from the interpretation of music in terms of "tortured soul" or "psyche" in the manner that hampers so many Beethoven biographies.

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Beethoven's sonata forms, showing how the implications of immediate form and content—musical meaning—are most pertinent aspects of the designs of music. He also approaches the problem of music criticism from this standpoint, with the silent admonition that if there be a musical meaning, better the mind would be also aurally perceptive than merely coldly analytical. Professor Ferguson's book is clear and precise, written in a simple style but with depth of understanding, and deals very ably with a subject that is one of the hardest of all to write about.

MARK DEVOTO

THE GOLDEN HOUSE OF NERO: Some Aspects of Roman Architecture. By Axel Boëthius. *University of Michigan Press. $15.00.*

In this long-awaited volume the distinguished Swedish archaeologist Axel Boëthius surveys the history of Roman town planning and architecture from the primitive huts of the eighth century B.C. to the brick-faced tenements of the empire.

Professor Boëthius discards the popular theory of planned terramare and Etruscan towns and shows that the enlarged city of Pompeii (in the fifth century B.C.) is the earliest instance of regular planning in an Italic town. Interestingly enough the same century saw the famous Hippodamean town planning in Greece. Although Greek ideas inspired Italic town planners, local traditions modified the Hellenic influence. This was also true in architecture.

In the third chapter, which gives the book its title, the author discusses the place of Nero's famous house in the history of Roman architecture. The Golden House of Nero was much more than a palace: it was a fanciful landscape containing about two hundred acres of woods, pastures, gardens, fountains, buildings and a huge lake. What amazed the ancients was not the luxury of the villa, but the building of such a villa in the center of Rome (a *rus in urbe*). However this fairy-tale creation lasted but a short time, and on its site were built the Baths of Titus, the Baths of Trajan and the Colosseum.

The fourth and final chapter traces the development of the tenement (or apartment) building, with its shops along the street. Such was the prevalent domestic architecture of the imperial period. The author argues that the existence of such buildings in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance indicates a survival from Roman times—a lesser known aspect of the classical heritage. Similar buildings can be seen today along the older streets in Italy. That these streets should be carefully photographed and documented by architects and sociologists before they are destroyed by progress is only one of the suggestions made by the author regarding the direction that future research in this field might take.

The book is handsomely illustrated with more than one hundred plans, photographs, and drawings, a welcome addition in such a tightly argued and footnoted text.

WILHELMINA F. JASHEMSKI

THE ORPHIC VOICE: Poetry and Natural History. By Elizabeth Sewell. *Yale University Press. $7.50.*

This book should and will receive the critical attention of people qualified to comment upon its philosophical aspects; I count it a privilege simply to record a few of the impressions it leaves with me and to express my admiration for the beauty with which it is written.

The Orphic Voice is a deep, intent study, hung upon the framework of the Orphic myth, of nature as language, of perception through poetry, here taken to include the verbal arts, and a study in the use and change of this method of perception, from language itself, which has myth at its roots, to the intense, echoing, mythic poetry of Rilke. There is, too, a most ably conceived and convincing argument for the perception and interpretation of life forces through poetry, for language is plastic, fluid, subject to interpretation and change, and has been from the earliest days expressive of the physical, the body. "Poetry, metaphor, mythology are highly realistic," writes Miss Sewell. "It is logic and mathematics which are the imaginative and fantastic experiences." In the light of this, Miss Sewell studies the work of many writers,

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from Shakespeare and Bacon to Rilke, as they use poetry as a means to perception, and as they study the Orphic myth itself.

Metaphor, myth and poetry are for Miss Sewell both a subject of study and a means of expression; she mentions a point in Rilke's life "just before the Sonnets broke upon him"; she includes her own beautiful translations of Goethe and Rilke, and she includes, at the end of the book, thirteen poems which she calls "working poems" and which she wrote because "the mind knows, in poems, a little more than it knows it knows. A poem will often tell the thinking mind where to look next." Her poems are austere and memorable, as memorable as *The Orphic Voice* itself.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL THOMAS

THE SWINBURNE LETTERS. Edited by Cecil Y. Lang. Vol. III, 1875-1877; Vol. IV, 1877-1882. *Yale University Press. $15.00.*

In 1881 Swinburne's mother replied to a remark of Theodore Watts-Dunton's: "What you say about [Algernon's] spoiling his writing by 'not knowing when to stop'—is so very true. I constantly deplore it."

The tendency to let his own rhythms sweep him away was evident enough even in the *Poems and Ballads* of 1866. In the period covered by the two present volumes the spate of words often reaches flood stage. A single sentence may cover half a page; when he warms to the subject of F. J. Furnivall's Shakespearean competence he begins by charging his adversary with "monumental, pyramidal, Cyclopean, Titanic, superhuman and supernatural nescience." His larger feuds were carried beyond the grave: the dead Carlyle is "the late unlamented Arch-Quack of Cheyne Row, Chelsea"; he spits on the tomb of the fallen Napoleon III. His psychic aberrations, however, begin to fade as deafness and Watts-Dunton close in on him.

Mr. Lang's editing maintains the high level of the previous volumes, including neatly turned footnotes. Thus, when Oscar Wilde meets Swinburne in 1882, the note reminds us that Wilde at that time had published nothing except one volume of poems, "and his renown was purely the fruit of deliberation and *Patience*." Or this, on Lewis Morris, "a poet whose verse was as popular as it was mediocre. . . . His chief claim to fame today is that he did not become laureate on the death of his friend Tennyson." If more scholars could manage to carry their erudition lightly, there might be a larger market for high-brow publications.

DELANCEY FERGUSON

RAINER MARIA RILKE: Masks and the Man. By H. F. Peters. *University of Washington Press. $5.75.*

On page nine H. F. Peters assumes his own mask: "Unless the critic accepts Rilke's way of looking at the world, unless he is able to view it through the undivided consciousness of a child, he cannot evaluate Rilke's poetry because he does not understand it." Such an outlook may help define the requirements placed on the reader of poetry, but it can hardly provide a very sound basis for the critic's work. Whether we like it or not, the critic must have reasons that the heart knows not of.

Here, then, is an appreciative study in the nineteenth-century manner: a little biography, a little *explication de texte*, a pervasive love of the subject. As such, the book offers a good introduction to Rilke because the author admits to no thesis. Although he makes frequent references to the Rilke cult, he lets the poems speak for themselves in quotations (English followed by German) that are well-chosen and intelligently organized.

I would be the last to ask Professor Peters to sacrifice his "undivided consciousness of a child." But if Rilke is to be included with Valéry and Eliot as one of the major figures of twentieth-century poetry, a critic must somehow convince the reader that the quality of mind in back of Rilke's self-centered laments was superior to that behind sob stories swapped in a corner tavern. Although Peters mentions Kierkegaard's influence, and suggests links with other writers whom time has united under the broad banner of existentialism, his fear of being committed to only *one* Rilke often causes his book to resemble a cut-and-paste presentation of what others called the *real* Rilke.

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A more profound analysis of Rilke's kinship with men like Dostoevsky, Melville and Gide could go far in defeating the old argument that Rilke is uniquely isolated, and further it might find the prodigal a home among these rational men who favored irrationality.

EDWARD KESSLER

THE WOMAN AT THE WASHINGTON ZOO: Poems and Translations. By Randall Jarrell. *Atheneum.* $3.75.

This short new book is an interim report on the poetic interests of Randall Jarrell. It is for the record, to be fitted among his other books and read in connection with them. Of thirty-one titles twelve are translations and of these nine are from Rilke; others are from Radauskas, Goethe and Mörike. It is a book with a heavy weight on translation, thus with less weight on original creation than one could wish.

A year or so ago at a cultural congress in Washington Robert Lowell and I engaged in an impromptu exchange on translation. He held that a poet translating a poem from one language to another must make it a new poem of his own. He has used the device "After" with the name of the poet to indicate that the original poem should not be set over exactly, but should be reimagined and remade. I disagreed in favor of truth to the given text. I said that I, with millions of others, knew no Hebrew but felt that I could understand the Bible in English. The Bible transcribers were not trying to create new psalms, let us say, but to give their best efforts toward making the English psalms true to the originals. The Lowell theorists wish to filch the idea from a peer or superior and rework it in their own way. It is a form of creative laziness. I prefer that poets invent their own themes and expend their own talent on them, and otherwise that they try for the truest, most sensitive, close and accurate translation of the poem.

Since my German is slight and faulty, I cannot properly assess Jarrell as translator. His translations are pleasing and readily readable as English poems. I cannot report to what extent he has violated the originals in favor of supposed originals of his own. I

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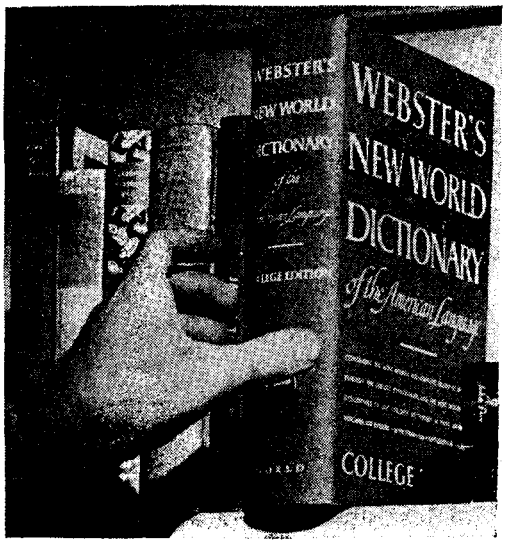

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hope not too much. In one poem, "Childhood," he uses the phrase "adapted from Rainer Maria Rilke," which supposedly allows him a liberty from strict oversetting. Any idea of translation is viable if one is sympathetic enough.

I value the creative part of the book above the translations.

Jarrell has added three original poems to the corpus of his best work. The title poem is a fine example of a modern poem which requires study. The author has provided, in the new edition of Brooks and Warren's *Understanding Poetry*, a meticulous account of how he wrote this poem. The explanation rewards the understanding, offering a typical new-criticism text for students.

His most endearing poem is "Deutsch Durch Freud," a charming confession of his psyche-wrestle with the German language.

"The Bronze Age of Donatello" is a rich evocation of the subject, full of individualistic perceptions and poetic profundity.

RICHARD EBERHART

CAN THESE BONES LIVE. By Edward Dahlberg. *New Directions. $4.75.*

Such magnificent tributes have been given to this book as a whole that little need be added except in particulars. Yet one does not think of it except as a whole—swift, dedicated, impassioned and implicitly *ad hominem* in judgment. To Dahlberg every writer is a morally responsible spokesman, and it is as such that he and his writing self must be judged—for health and for truth. Unsparingly! Yet the impact of the book is one of compassion: "We turn our back upon our own past as though it were as horrible to behold as Medusa. Would we but cease bemoaning our youth and see what we have, we might . . . find a kingdom." *Can These Bones Live* is an offering to light our way.

Like D. H. Lawrence's *Studies in Classic American Literature*, this later work is "visionary" criticism. But Lawrence looked with eyes of an outsider, whereas Dahlberg is within the fold and painfully involved. The difference is reflected in the rhythm and temperature of the prose: Lawrence converses, he is offhand, jerky; Dahlberg proclaims in grandly burning phrases of a

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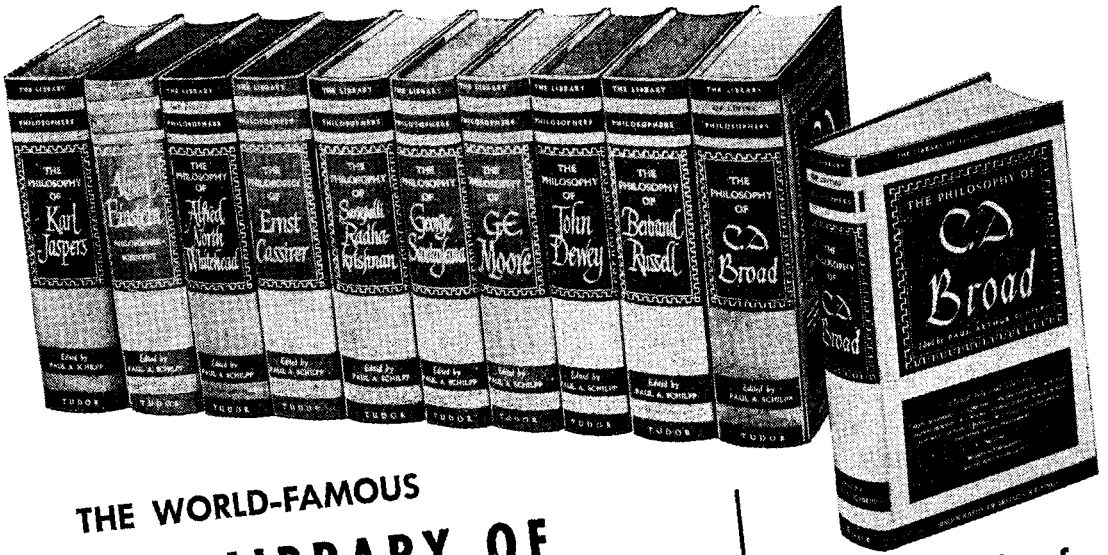

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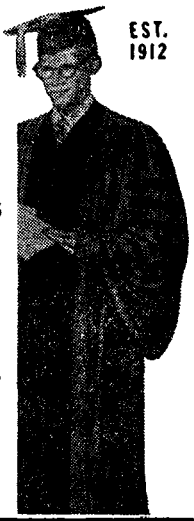

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falling into abusiveness because mankind refused to listen, and listened to in the end only by obscure sycophants full of flattery for one who had been the friend of Yeats, Joyce, Eliot and Cummings.

In short, this is popular biography, full of the exaggerations and superstitions of the form. What is needed is a study that will see Pound complexly in the context of his time, assess the shape, force and intent of his influence, and venture to evaluate his contribution as poet and man of letters. For the most part, Mr. Norman sees him by way of anecdote, through a rapidly shifting series of episodes and situations involving other "personalities."

GENE BARO

THE COMIC SENSE OF HENRY JAMES: A Study of the Early Novels. By Richard Poirier. *Oxford University Press. $6.50.*

Cutting loose from Constance Rourke's *aperçu* that Henry James *was* an American humorist, this book associates his comedy with Dickens and Balzac and makes it not an expression of the national ethos but a principle by which to study the formation of the "premises of his art" (from *Roderick Hudson* to *The Portrait of a Lady*). On guard against abstracting patterns of meaning, Mr. Poirier presents James's comic sense as it operates through language and characterization toward "a dramatic rendering of experience" from page to page of the narratives.

The examination of comic passages is set against a large question for James's art: how to mediate between a fixed, allegorical representation of life and character (a danger for nineteenth-century American writers) and one that blends moral truth and psychological realism. The contention is that his comic sense helped him to do just that: to range from social types to individuals, to entertain the reader, as it were, out of hasty moral judgments, to create a complex, dramatic Jamesian experience. Morally this comedy became the "partisan of freedom" against the rigidities of the world.

This is a valuable, illuminating book, enriched by the writer's knowledge of Henry James's life, aims and intellectual heritage.

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Yet one does ask of it more attention to the national character in James's comedy. The point is not whether or no he read the American humorists but that he responded to the same comic elements in American life. Recognition of the subtle bonds of place in the early novels often keeps people and dialogue imaginatively whole when analysis wants to fragment them. At times in Mr. Poirier's readings the social scene becomes Society, and character an instrument of his logic. Perhaps one answer to that old question of what can one say about humor is that "solidity of specification" is integral to the art of fiction.

SUSAN J. TURNER

ELLEN GLASGOW AND THE IRONIC ART OF FICTION. By Frederick P. W. McDowell. *University of Wisconsin Press. $4.50.*

Mr. McDowell's book is not only the first full-length critical study of this distinguished American novelist; it is a very sound one. Systematically and with unflagging steadfastness, Mr. McDowell evaluates each of the novels from *The Descendant* (1897) to *In This Our Life* (1941), examining character, incident, imagery as they illuminate Ellen Glasgow's dispassionate and sophisticated apprehension of the social milieu and the moral and intellectual values in two generations of Virginia life. Sympathetic to her candid and profoundly ironic temper, he is as aware of the limits of her achievement as of her intellectual strength and her stylistic successes. One is persuaded to assent to his summary statement, "Lacking the full vigor of Dreiser and Lewis, the crisp intellectuality of Mrs. Wharton, the poetic intensity, at their best, of Sherwood Anderson and Willa Cather, she is, in her finest work, distinguished for her mordant sense of social reality and for the precision of her ironic intelligence."

Unobtrusively but impressively, Mr. McDowell keeps in the reader's mind Ellen Glasgow's own intellectual heritage—her indebtedness to Darwin and Nietzsche, for example—her family and social environment, her relation to the traditions of English and American realism contemporary with her earlier work, and to the generation of Southern writers of our own time. Provincial though her materials were, like Thomas Hardy's, they were viewed with detachment and they achieve a large humanity. This expert study is enhanced by useful notes and an excellent bibliography.

FRASER NEIMAN

COLLECTED POEMS, 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. *Oxford University Press. $6.00.*

Through thirty active publishing years, the poems of Richard Eberhart have been read and praised by such a variety of tongues that the reader comes to an Eberhart collection with comfortable anticipation. Admitting that one may be a little put off by end paper testimonials, admitting that a body of lyrics sung by a single voice (not excluding those sonnets of William Shakespeare) tends to dull an audience's responding power, *Collected Poems, 1930-1960* satisfies its promise. Happily the excitement of the book lies not in the fulfillment of comfortable anticipation of the familiar but in the fifty-one new poems, which prove that Richard Eberhart writes today with as much insight and precision as at any time in his career.

Collected Poems is not the record of change. For thirty years Mr. Eberhart has sung, "stern, pliant in the modern world," "conscious of the gods in the offing," "seeking the reality, skirting the dangerous absolutes of fear and hope." The young poet of *A Bravery of Earth* is fevered by the "sun on green," "mystery made visible," "this lyric mortal loveliness." The older poet of the new poems concludes as he began with a consideration of "The Incomparable Light," stating, "It is this strange light I come back to." But the older poet defines the composition of that light: it is in mountain tops, childhood, growing up, the meaning of women, political action and sundry deaths; it is, finally: "Inescapable brotherhood of the living." The voice has not changed, but it has deepened with assurance. The young poet prays, "Lord, stabilise me," while the older poet proclaims: "There is something unknown in knowing./ Unfaith is what keeps faith going."

At their best, the poems of this volume

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are inevitable poems: full ideas that have found their form. "The Voyage," "The Seasons," "Autumnal," "Hoot Owls," "Half-Bent Man" and "The Gods of Washington, D. C." may well stand beside or even replace the much anthologized "The Groundhog," "The Fury of Aerial Bombardment" and "The Horse Chestnut Tree."

HOLLIS SUMMERS

EDUCATION IN THE NATION'S SERVICE. Articles on American Education by Archibald MacLeish, McGeorge Bundy, Robert F. Goheen, Logan Wilson, Harry D. Gideonse, Jacques Barzun, John Hersey, and William Lee Miller, with an Introduction by August Heckscher. Published in co-operation with the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. *Praeger. $4.75.*

Directly or by implication, these writers accept the Wilsonian doctrine that the purpose of the American university is the training of the young for the nation's service. But they do not want this to mean, as it is in danger of meaning today, that formal education should become an assembly line for the manufacture of the components of a State in which the individual is forced to be the servant rather than the served.

The reader will find in most of the essays an awareness of the conflict between what is good for the individual and what is good for society, a separateness of goals that explains in part the present confusion in American education. He will not find in these essays any easy solutions for this pervasive struggle in our society, but he is likely to consent to the dominant principle that a way must be found to prevent the debasement of the individual in the increasing public and private collectivism of our times.

The eight writers draw upon much that is good in Wilson's views of the purpose of education to suggest that we must hold to the education of the whole man, that while we prepare him to act we must strengthen his intellectual capabilities to do so, that the good life is an adventure of mind and spirit, and that education is "a branch of statesmanship." In the many selective insights into the spirit of Wilson as educator and statesman, this volume is challenging and inspirational reading.

But even as important are the essayists' ideas about the duty of modern education. Their views, especially those of Barzun and Hersey, leave little room for complacency. But they reaffirm faith in the educability of the individual whose mind and spirit may be elevated to heights now not often enough attained because of a misguided adherence to egalitarian procedures in American education.

A notable deficiency is the authors' failure to say that intellectually-oriented education may be universal rather than selective. The intellectual sights of any individual can be raised, each according to his promise and practice, if he is given an opportunity to learn consistent with his abilities. This presupposes that for everyone life can be a continuum of learning through which intellectual awareness increases and that this is the universal and democratic way to the fruition of the human spirit.

CARL F. HANSEN

INDUSTRIALISM AND INDUSTRIAL MAN: The Problems of Labor and Management in Economic Growth. By Clark Kerr, John T. Dunlop, Frederick H. Harbison, and Charles A. Myers. *Harvard University Press. $6.00.*

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Other conclusions of interest include the

(*Continued on page 299*)

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(Continued from page 288)

growth of the strong state, the spread of mass education but the "relatively smaller place for the humanities and arts," the decline of worker protest as industrialization proceeds, the growth of a nonpolitical managerial class to replace political commissars and old-line capitalist proprietors, the end of colonialism.

The book is offered as an analysis of results of the continuing Inter-University Study of Labor Problems in Economic Development, under which twenty-five books have been or are being published. Whether or not the reader agrees with the authors, this book in its admittedly antitraditional approach to the subject is a stimulating effort "to comprehend the swirl of events around us."

MAUREEN GOTHLIN PUTMAN

THE BURDEN OF SOUTHERN HISTORY. By C. Vann Woodward. *Louisiana State University Press. $3.50.*

The historic experience of the American South, Professor Woodward of Johns Hopkins University points out in these thoughtful essays, explains its character better than climate or a determination to keep the region white. Poverty, defeat and the sense of living with a great wrong have marked it, making its history more like that of the rest of the world than like that of the United States generally. In fact, it is not the South that is unique, but America, with its abundance, its successes and its belief in its own innocence and virtue. The "un-American" experience of the South, Woodward suggests, may make it better able to understand a world where history is not "something unpleasant that happens to other people."

Everyone concerned with the thrust of America into the world should read these essays attentively. "The Irony of Southern History," for example, points to interesting parallels between the ante-bellum South and modern America—the identification of its way of life with a single economic institution, the definition of loyalty as conformity of thought about slavery, the effort to extend the Peculiar Institution into western regions where it was unsuitable. The other essays equally illustrate that a thoughtful interpretation of the past enlightens the present and may be a guide to the future.

WHITFIELD J. BELL, JR.

THE AMERICAN HISTORIAN. By Harvey Wish. *Oxford University Press. $7.50.*

The most distinguishing feature of this ably written book is that its point of view is largely social-intellectual. An attempt has been made to determine underlying factors that influenced and shaped American historical writings from those of William Bradford to those of Allan Nevins. To do so the author departs from a strictly chronological approach and instead groups historians within a subject-matter framework. This makes sense. The opening chapter analyzes the "Puritan Mission in History." The works of Jared Sparks are discussed as an expression of Federalist-Whig ideology. George Bancroft's writings become an expression of German idealism. And as one would expect, later chapters revolve around such topics as Frederick Jackson Turner and the frontier hypothesis, Charles Beard and economic determinism, Vernon L. Parrington and intellectual history, and, finally, the efflorescense of social, cultural and business history and distinguished biographical writing best represented by Nevins.

While retaining his focus upon the philosophical tenets of American historiography, Professor Wish manages to include a considerable amount of biography supplemented by a wide assortment of bibliographical notations, reviewer opinion and general reaction to major historical works. A prevailing undercurrent in the book is the prominent and perhaps inescapable role played by the Brahmins of Harvard University in the writing of American history.

OSCAR OSBURN WINTHER

GREAT PRESIDENTIAL DECISIONS: State Papers that Changed the Course of History. Selected, and with an Introduction and Comments by Richard B. Morris. *Lippincott. $7.50.*

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ments giving its setting and significance. Twenty Presidents in all made these decisions; Wilson is credited with three, twelve others with two each, and seven with one. Thirteen White House occupants drew blanks. In most cases single documents are sufficient to interpret the decisions. They vary in length from Truman's brief announcement of American military intervention in Korea to Jackson's eighteen-page Nullification Proclamation.

Not all the decisions were wise. Madison and McKinley yielded to war mongers. Buchanan's message of December, 1860, was an abdication of leadership in the secession crisis.

Republican administrations from Grant to McKinley and from 1921 to 1933 were barren of great decisions. Conservative "constitutional" executives let Congress take the lead. Altogether, only seven decisive actions came during Republican rule, and Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt provided four of these.

Although the author's list is quite acceptable, Pierce's decision to support the Nebraska Bill and Hayes's termination of carpetbag rule in the South might well have been included. And should Eisenhower be represented by his Geneva disarmament address rather than by his Little Rock or Suez decisions? Time will give the answer.

EUGENE H. ROSEBOOM

TURNER AND BEARD: American Historical Writing Reconsidered. By Lee Benson. *Free Press.* $5.00.

Professor Lee Benson urges Turner's basic indebtedness to the brilliant Italian economist, Achille Loria, and suggests a fresh "social interpretation" of Beard's famous explanation of the Constitution. Loria, before Turner, stressed the influence of the passing of free land upon the evolution of American economic relations. His writings had been appreciatively received by American scholars, including Turner's friends and colleagues. This reviewer, however, is more impressed by Turner's indebtedness to Friedrich Ratzel, the German geographer, who is not mentioned in the book.

In this lively discussion of Charles Beard's famous book, *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* (1913), Mr. Benson argues that Beard was wrong when he equated James Madison's economic interpretation of politics with the more basic economic view of E.R.A. Seligman. Like Robert Brown, Benson feels that Madison actually relied upon noneconomic premises, but he denies that Brown has presented Beard correctly in his latest criticism. He also believes that Forrest McDonald has failed to prove his point when he repudiates Beard's use of collective biography—although Benson thinks that this kind of evidence is based on a logical fallacy anyway. The author's social interpretation holds that men favored the Constitution because they favored a commercial society rather than an agrarian one.

This thoughtful book is sure to arouse controversy, as its chief premises have already done in convention discussions.

HARVEY WISH

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: An Essay on the Sources of Influence of Marxism and Communism. By Adam B. Ulam. *Random House.* $5.00.

Professor Ulam, an executive of the Russian Research Center at Harvard University, has written here perhaps the best fresh examination of the Marxist theory and its historical role that has yet appeared. Instead of using Marxist categories to analyze Marxist ideology, Dr. Ulam introduces his own. Where Marx proclaimed that his brand of socialism was the product of capitalism-in-decline, Ulam sees it rather as characteristic of capitalism-in-emergence. A society in the throes of industrialization—when the agrarian forms have broken down and the industrial forms are not yet stabilized—is the specific breeding ground of revolutionary Marxism. So it was for Marx and Engels in England between 1820 and 1860, and so it was again for Lenin and Stalin in Russia between 1900 and 1940.

Societies in the throes of industrialization give forth an ambiguous response, partly anti-industrial and partly proindustrial. The peculiar historical achievement of Karl Marx, says Ulam, was to combine these contradictory responses into one movement which championed the forces of social discontent at the same time it proposed to ex-

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pand still further the forces of production. Many writers have commented on the seeming anomaly of Marxism today winning its greatest conquests not in the industrially advanced countries of the West but in the economically impoverished and underdeveloped East. According to Ulam, however, this anomaly traces back through Lenin to Marx himself.

The story as thus revised, moreover, has a happier outcome for the "capitalist" West than was envisaged by Marx. For Marx saw a declining capitalism being thrust aside by an emerging socialism, whereas Ulam sees Marxist socialism wedded to the early phases of industrialism and outdated as soon as industrialism becomes stabilized. What emerged in England with the stabilization of industrialism was not Marxism but liberalism—together with its proletarian offshoot in the form of laborism. And, Ulam concludes, "it is not impossible that the Soviet Union, in its professed attempt to 'catch up with and overcome' the West in material culture, will discover that in the process it has left Marxism behind."

RONALD THOMPSON

SETTLING DISPUTES IN SOVIET SOCIETY: The Formative Years of Legal Institutions. By John N. Hazard. *Columbia University Press. $9.50.*

Most revolutions are sired by ideals, damned by excesses, and ended by tyranny. Such was the progress of the French Revolution, and of the Russian. Although each began by using terror as a tool of justice, both concluded by the employment of justice as the instrument of terror, most strikingly in the definition and enforcement of "political" crimes.

In some other respects—especially in adjudging private relationships and the violation of them—revolutionary societies tend to become, ultimately, as formalized as their predecessors.

This latter tendency is cogently illustrated in Professor Hazard's study of the growth of the Soviet legal system from its inception to about 1925. The author is undoubtedly an expert in his field. He has lived and studied in Russia and was rejected by the Soviet Government, perhaps because of his very competence, to defend Francis Powers, the "U-2" pilot.

According to Lenin, and his interpreters, jurisprudence was to be nothing more than the will of the working class; it was to defend only their interests and was eventually, like other state organs, to disappear. Such was the attitude of 1917, restrained to a degree by certain bourgeois followers of Lenin who feared that the law was too complex to be entrusted to laymen.

By 1925, as the author remarks, the Soviet legal system had "witnessed a transition from a simple, almost primitive, court to a complex set of tribunals reminiscent of those found elsewhere in the continent of Europe." That transition is the theme of this book. The theme is developed through attention to the structure of the courts and to legal procedures as applied in both civil and nonpolitical criminal actions.

The approach is mainly historical and as such will be useful to the devoted student of Soviet law and politics. It is somewhat confusing, however, to the serious, nonspecialized reader. For such a reader a book of this kind would be more interesting if selected fields of jurisprudence were chosen, traced and compared with similar fields of Anglo-American jurisprudence. For such a reader an attractive style would be the sauce that makes so much detailing of information palatable. Professor Hazard has ignored these and other factors of popularization. He has aimed to write a thorough, sober, accurate analysis of the forms of Soviet law and their evolution in relation to Marxist dogma as reinterpreted by the necessities of governing Russia. In this aim he has succeeded admirably.

ARVIN E. UPTON

FRANCE, STEADFAST AND UNCHANGING: The Fourth to the Fifth Republic. By Raymond Aron. *Harvard University Press. $4.75.*

Raymond Aron, a leading French sociologist, political pundit, historian and part-time journalist, has written a wise and thoughtful essay on the France few Americans understand. As the basis for his volume the author has drawn on three guest lectures he delivered at Harvard University in 1957.

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His blithe admission that a revolution (the Gaullist revolution) separated the delivery of the lectures and the preparation of the book without fundamentally altering the original substance is a tribute to the validity of his title. An added bonus, however, is a short postscript commentary on the viability of the new Fifth Republic.

In analyzing his country's postwar political, economic and colonial assets and liabilities, Mr. Aron concocts no new interpretive theories that make French behavior suddenly comprehensible, although he skillfully debunks a few existing theories. In fact the most striking paragraphs of the book are interrogatory; most of the hard questions involved in France's internal struggles and her position in the world are not answered, but rather are starkly and cogently framed. The author reveals himself in the process of putting honest questions as both a patriot and a realist.

While the book is by no means an apology for the sometimes quixotic difficulties into which France seems to be forever stumbling, it is a conservative statement. Mr. Aron says that political weakness and instability are probably fitting reflections of a people whose political divisions are not likely to be suddenly resolved. Finally the reader can be thankful for the author's refreshing economic analysis that puts the French postwar recovery in its proper (and pre-Gaullist) perspective, and for his effective discussion of French foreign policy, which, he forebodingly reminds us, has failed only in its "imperialist" aspects.

E. D. GODFREY

THE NEW NIGERIAN ELITE. By Hugh H. Smythe and Mabel M. Smythe. *Stanford University Press. $5.00.*

Scholars are only now beginning to investigate thoroughly the sociology of the increasing numbers of Africans who are leaving their villages to seek their fortunes in the white man's schools and cities. What is their political future and how well do they adapt themselves to the demands of two disparate cultures? These and similar questions remain unanswered in any systematic way. Yet these are the men who must forge modern nation-states from the raw material of a tradition-bound, tribally oriented, largely illiterate peasantry.

Hugh and Mabel Smythe have produced a descriptive essay that suggests several lines of inquiry for those wishing to study in greater depth the relationship between the traditional and the modern in developing African urban cultures. They have chosen Nigeria, a land of forty million people speaking about two hundred different languages. But in that country (as in all other African countries) there are special local problems that make a definitive sociological study a vast undertaking. For example, in Nigeria, two relatively democratic, largely English-speaking and urban-centered tribal groups are politically and numerically dominated by a conservative, rigidly hierarchical, rural-centered tribal group. Because they were limited to English, the authors were unable to interview the rural, tradition-centered elite who are not English-speaking; they base their essay on interviews with one hundred and fifty-six carefully chosen urban leaders. This book, then, is limited to a study of a sample of the urban Nigerian elite and the extent to which these persons have adopted the external mannerisms and behavior of Europeans.

Many of the conclusions will seem self-evident to those familiar with West Africa and with upper class behavior elsewhere. Government service, a university education, politics, and the professions are major roads to elite preferment. There is much snobbery, based on wealth and social status.

More tantalizing are some of the suggestions about the elite links with their tribal and traditional backgrounds. The care of children of the elite is generally relegated to wives with whom husbands "lead a relatively traditional personal life" and who are "far behind their husbands in education and poise." How does this affect these children? Also suggestive is the unevaluated observation that even though the elite are "enshrouded in western urbanity," their tribal and family ties are firm.

Useful additions would have been demographic and ethnic maps of Nigeria and an annotated bibliography.

ELLIS O. JONES, 3RD.

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The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*
—EDITOR

Like Mr. Krutch, in his column "If You Don't Mind My Saying So" [AS: Winter, 1960-61], I am deeply concerned over the spectacle of a civilization in which men acquiesce in self-defeating and self-stultifying activities in the name of Progress. I do not, however, place the blame on "economics." I place it rather on the social order in which economic considerations are institutionalized into a position of unassailable paramountcy. If the problem is to gain control over the future—especially in its technological impact on human life—certainly the first step must be to subordinate the functions of production (and of consumption as the kept woman of production) to the control of the body social. Under our present firmly entrenched economic system—entrenched not alone by power and persuasion from above but by willing surrender from below—I do not think that this control can be achieved. It is because I see no reasonable expectation of replacing our present social order with a significantly more responsible one that I may appear, in *The Future as History*, as stoically resigned to a "deterministic" anticipation of events.

To this I must add, however, that the problem is not simply one of replacing capitalism with something better. Very little that we do here by way of social change can hope to deflect the momentum of events in the underdeveloped countries. So, too, a planned society will not in itself cure many of the deepest ills of our own civilization. Planning may enable us to exert a more direct control over the incursion of technology, may make urban redevelopment, et cetera, more graspable, but a socially "rational" environment is not in itself a guarantee of propitious human development. The removal of social injustice and even the removal of those pressures that now systematically deform human life are necessary but not sufficient steps in the building of a Good Society.

Indeed, the hard fact of the matter is that at this stage of human understanding we do not know what the Good Society is. We do not even fully know what the Good Human Being is. The chiliastic hopes which once characterized movements of social reform have evaporated. Unfortunately this leads all too easily to a supine acceptance of the status quo and to a reluctance to identify the institutional roots of our present social evils.

Yet it seems to me that to become reconciled to the present order of things is, in effect, to surrender the basic human franchise. We must move in the direction of asserting our control over our own destiny. Only we must do so without self-delusion. Nothing is to be gained by the adumbration of facile solutions when none in fact is in sight. What is needed, in order to move on, is not a courage based on false hopes, but a resolve that springs from a compassionate but mercilessly honest examination of the human situation today.

ROBERT L. HEILBRONER
New York, New York

* * *

Please allow me to thank Elizabeth C. Funk ["Reader Replies," Winter, 1960-61] for her most cogent refutation of Norman Kelman's article "Social and Psychoanalyti-

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cal Reflections on the Father," [AS: Summer, 1960].

Frankly, this writer had been "mulling over" such a letter but there didn't seem to be words powerful and adequate enough to express the sense of fury caused by Dr. Kelman's remarks. I am therefore grateful to Miss Funk for having articulated so expressively what was in my mind and no doubt in the minds of many other women readers of the article.

Norman Kelman's education seems to be lacking in at least two fields—history and sociology. As a small start towards rectification, I would recommend his careful perusal of Alma Lutz's splendid biography, *Susan B. Anthony.*

May I also take this opportunity to express appreciation and thanks for the splendid articles by George Kennan and Loren Eiseley also in the Winter issue.

HELEN C. RIEBLING
Detroit, Michigan

* * *

Though by no means an inveterate letter-to-the-editor writer, I feel impelled to write you to convey my appreciation for the distinguished current issue of your magazine. My favorite was Eiseley's piece on the porpoise which, though not fictional, is certainly creative writing in the most exhilarating way. As long as authors with as fresh an outlook and as evocative a style as his grace your pages, no one need worry about academic staleness, preciosity or the other ailments which sometimes afflict those magazines which aspire higher than most.

KENT H. HALL
Washington, D. C.

* * *

Upon returning from study in Finland this past August, I read Mr. Sol Worth's "Letter from Finland" in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Summer 1958. I was immediately struck by several things in the article that give a totally erroneous impression of Finland.

I challenge Mr. Worth's statements that the Finns are unimaginative, uninterested in art, dull, plodding and without the niceties of our culture. Mr. Worth seems to have forgotten the beautiful housing developments, the new centers at Helsinki, Tapiola, West End, charming towns like Rovaniemi, and Turku with its new theater. He has forgotten the statuary in small towns, some of it abstract, the flower gardens, the mystical designs in straw made in country homes. Doesn't Mr. Worth know of composers like Sibelius, Kilpinen, Kuula, Palmgren, Englund, Bergman; painters, sculptors and architects like Gallen-Kallela, Edelfelt, Nelimarkka, Aaltonen, Tukiainen, Saarinen, Aalto, Rewell; poets and writers like Kivi, Sillanpaa, Leino, Waltari, to mention just a few of the people of world-wide influence from this country with half the population of New York? As for living without the niceties of *our* culture, I hope the Finns always will. They don't need rock-n-roll, singing commercials, decadent comic-strips, insipid TV westerns, delinquent youth, disrespect for parents, Harlem slums, poll-tax—ad nauseam.

I challenge Mr. Worth's statement that although Finland exists in the framework of the modern world, and has a reasonable amount of contact with it, it yet refuses or is unable to accept many of the really basic values of the Western world. I would remind Mr. Worth that Finland was the first country to give women the vote, that it has a reputation for scrupulous honesty in world affairs, that it is a republic, that it has extremely high health standards, that the Finns respect hard work, and that Finland has the world's lowest illiteracy rate.

My objections have been seconded by Finnish people in the United States with whom I have discussed the article. My own strong opinion is that such bad reportage does a great deal of damage precisely in a field where we must increase the strength of our relations. Finland is a good friend sitting on the doorstep of our deadliest opponent. She deserves better treatment that Mr. Worth gave her!

GEORGE L. BUCKBEE
Montana State College
Bozeman, Montana

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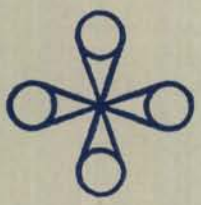

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